

THE
HISTORY
OF

*Jack Connor,
Now Conyers.*

VOLUME II.

*But not to treat my Subject as in Jest,
(Yet may not Truth in laughing Guise be
drest ?*

*As Masters fondly sooth the Boys to read,
With Cakes and Sweetmeats) let us now
proceed*

*With graver Air, our serious Theme pursue,
And yet preserve our Moral full in View.*

FRANCIS'S HORACE.

L O N D O N :

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M D C C L I I.

HISTORICAL Jack Connor, now Governor.

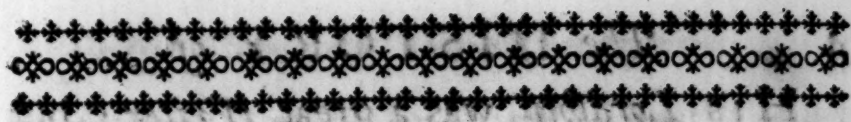
CHAPTER II.

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 JACK CONNOR, NOW GOVERNOR.



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VOL. II. A 2



THE
HISTORY
OF
Jack Connor, now Conyers.

CHAP. I.
*He parted frowning from me, as if Ruin
Leap'd from his Eyes.*
SHAKESPEARE.



SOME few Days pass'd in the common Way, when Mr. *Sangfroid* enter'd, and with Pleasure told *Conyers*, he had provided him a good Place. —
' My Lord Bishop of ———, said he, ' wants just such an one as you to ' transcribe his *Works*, and keep some ' Accounts.' — *Conyers*, without Hesitation, accepted the Offer, and next Morning was presented to the *Bishop*, and immediately enter'd on his Office.

His Lordship was a great *Writer*; but his Works were intended for the Use of Posterity, having never publish'd but a *Thanksgiving Sermon*, and one on the 30th of *January* by Order of the House of Lords. His Tracts were very voluminous, but all Essential, and of the utmost Consequence to Mankind. His Treatise on the Use and Abuse of Surplices and Lawn Sleeves was fill'd with the profoundest Erudition. — His Discourse on *Pews, Cushions, and Mats*, in Churches, was extreamly well handled; but the Postscript on the Crime of *sleeping in those Places*, was so artfully worded, that you felt an Example yourself. — His Letter to the Inhabitants of the Parish of — clearly demonstrated the *Absurdity of a Steeple without Bells*. — His *Apology and Vindication of Murder, Adultery, and Fornication*, proving, mathematically, that the *Nature and Name* of these Crimes were entirely chang'd by *Circumstance, Time, and Place*, was a most learned and elaborate Performance; but his favourite Work was his *History and Doctrine of Tythes*, which he demonstrated to be an *Essential of True Religion*. — His Lordship, at different Times, was so good as fully to explain these Subjects to

to Conyers, who in three Months had transcrib'd the Treatise on Surpluses, and had just began the last mention'd Work. He had full Employment, but was not extremely pleas'd with the Nature of it, for his Taste was so vitiated, that he found no Charms in what he did not understand.

THE Bishop kept a plentiful Table, where his Clergy were welcome, except the poorer Sort, to whom he made ample Amends for the Distinction by small Presents and large Promises. He was a Man of Virtue, and religiously kept his Word, when his Memory, which was none of the best, fail'd him not. So weak was he in that Quarter, that he remember'd and forgot his Promise to a poor Curate ten different Times, and as often was angry with himself. On these Occasions he used to say, 'Well, God help me! I find I am grown old; my Faculties can't last for ever; — *The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away.*' — Sometimes indeed his Memory was very sharp, for if one, or ten of his Clergy, were sick, he never fail'd a daily Enquiry after their Health; and when any died, he never suffer'd the Living to lapse. He could not bear Con-

tradiction, and, no Doubt, his Dependants were careful not to offend in that Article. — He did not like Money, but he passionately lov'd it.

JACK did not much approve of his Situation. He liv'd well, but he plainly saw he had no great Prospect of a future Fortune, and look'd on himself as *Gil Blas* when with the Archbishop, which determin'd him to be soon convinc'd of what he had to depend on. He had Thoughts of writing a modest and moving Letter to his Lordship; but then he remember'd, That *a Verse may catch him, who a Sermon flies*; so resolv'd to write a Stanza or two, and leave it on my Lord's Desk next Morning. Accordingly he sat down and wrote,

*Tho' ev'ry Virtue fills my Heart,
Tho' Modesty o're-spreads my Face,
What are their Worth, except some Art
Can raise these Virtues into Place?*

*Yet, tho' I can't myself commend,
Kind Fate may still relieve my Want,
And, as dull Sermons always End,
Heaven of its gracious Mercy grant!*

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MY LORD mounted to his Study as usual, and found the Scroll, which he carefully read, and as carefully put into his Pocket.—Family Prayers and Breakfast being ended, *Jack* was order'd to attend him. — ‘ Good-morrow Mr. *Conyers*, said
 ‘ his Lordship, I am extreamly concern’d
 ‘ that my Understanding did not discover
 ‘ your Worth and Genius before this Morn-
 ‘ ing. They are so uncommon, they
 ‘ ought to be rewarded.’—*Jack* applauded himself for his lucky Thought, but my Lord proceeded— ‘ I have a Paper in my
 ‘ Hand, on which you will permit my
 ‘ making a few Remarks. I believe it is
 ‘ intended for Poetry, which, at the best,
 ‘ is an idle unprofitable Study; I shall
 ‘ not speak of the Rhyme, but of the
 ‘ Subject.—Your first Line is false, for,
 ‘ as you want *Prudence*, you cannot have
 ‘ every *Virtue*.—Your second is not Faët,
 ‘ for I never saw you *Blush* in my Life.—
 ‘ Oh—I ask your Pardon, you blush now
 ‘ indeed.—As to the *Worth* of your *Vir-*
 ‘ *tues* and *Modesty*, I am afraid you will
 ‘ find it of little or no Value, and your
 ‘ *Art* must be extraordinary if you think
 ‘ to impose on me.—But it seems you
 ‘ want a *Place*.—I shall soon put you into
 ‘ the

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' the High-road to Preferment.— Your
 ' Second Stanza is most admirable.— You
 ' can't *Praise yourself*, poor Gentleman!
 ' altho' you tell us of your *Virtue* and
 ' *Modesty*.— This indeed is the Height of
 ' *Modesty*! — Then, like a true Hea-
 ' then, you believe in *Fate*.— If so, pray
 ' Mr. *John* take care of your *Fate*.— Here
 ' you complain bitterly of *Want*. Can any
 ' Man be said to want who has three good
 ' Meals a Day?— Now comes the best of
 ' all.— You are one of those fine Gentle-
 ' men who can't play the Fool but they
 ' must bring in the *Church*. You abuse
 ' *Sermons*.— Who make Sermons but the
 ' Clergy? — and the Clergy make the
 ' *Church*. These Matters, Mr. *John*, ought
 ' to be held in Reverence by all Men,
 ' much more by such as you.'— ' I most
 ' humbly beseech your Lordship, *said Jack*,
 ' to——' ' Pray Sir spare me, *said my*
 ' *Lord*, for I have but a few Words more
 ' to say.— You were so good as to give
 ' me a Bit of *Poety*, and, in Return, per-
 ' mit me to give you a Bit of *Prose*.— He
 ' then rung his Bell, and giving him a Pa-
 ' per, proceeded. — ' Here is, Mr. *John*
 ' *Conyers*, some of my own Composition,
 ' and to shew you it is of some Value,
 ' pray

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‘ pray tack these ten Guineas to it—So
 ‘ now Mr. *John Conyers* you are a Free
 ‘ Man, and have my Consent to get what
 ‘ Place you please.’—My Lord’s Gentle-
 ‘ man then enter’d the Chamber.—‘ *Lewis*,
 ‘ said my Lord, here is Mr. *John*, who has
 ‘ given me such a Lecture on his *Modesty*,
 ‘ that convinces me he is the most impu-
 ‘ dent Fellow breathing: So, bid the Por-
 ‘ ter open the Door and let him out. Such
 ‘ Modesty ought to be seen in the World.’
 —*Jack* was extremely mortify’d, and at-
 tempted to speak, but *Lewis* shoulder’d
 him out of the Room. Finding he could
 have no Remedy, he bundled up his little
 Effects, quitted the House, and soon vi-
 sited Mr. *Sangfroid*, to whom he told his
 Story.

‘ This Accident, said his Friend, gives
 ‘ me little Concern, for I believe his Lord-
 ‘ ship would never have provided for you
 ‘ as you deserve, but, if you will wear a
 ‘ Livery, I can get you into Sir *Peter*
 ‘ *Shallow*’s Service To-morrow. He is a
 ‘ Member of Parliament, and perhaps,
 ‘ in Time, may procure you an Employ-
 ‘ ment.’—‘ It is worth the Trial, said
 ‘ *Conyers*, and a Livery shall be no Ob-
 ‘ jection.’

jection. Next Day Jack attended Sir Peter, and receiv'd the Badge of Office, but, by the Advice of his Friend, he took the Name of *Constant*.



C H A P. II.

*There, Affectation, with a sickly Mein,
Shows in her Cheeks the Roses of Eighteen,
Practis'd to kiss, and hang the Head aside,
Faints into Airs and languishes with Pride,
On the rich Quilt sinks with becoming Woe,
Wrapt in a Gown, for Sickness, and for Show.
The Fair-ones feel such Maladies as these,
When each new Night-dress gives a new
Disease.*

POPE'S Rape of the Lock.

SIR PETER SHALLOW was a Gentleman of large Fortune, but more remarkable for his easy, quiet Temper, than strong Judgment. His Lady had somewhat of the opposite Character, and, as her *Understanding* inform'd her, Sir Peter had but a small Share, she took the accusom'd Privilege of, sometimes, imposing on it, and

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and indeed his great Fondness gave her frequent Opportunities. — Her Ladyship had a very delicate Constitution, and was afflicted with the *Spleen* and *Vapours* to such a Degree, that she has sometimes been silent for ten Minutes, then has burst out in *Lamentations* and *Tears*, then into violent Laughter, and end in a Swoon. — Doctor *Nostrum* constantly attended; but one Evening when he had finish'd *above*, Sir *John* got him to taste some *Cape Wine*; and give some Account of her Ladyship's Disorder. — ‘ Sir *John*, said the Doctor, ‘ who was a dry Joker, here is my Service ‘ to you. — Upon my Word very good ‘ Wine — very good Wine indeed, Sir. ‘ But — you were saying something of ‘ that *there* Disorder. — Why — to be sure; ‘ your *Hypochondriac* and *Hysteric* Disorders are troublesome, — very troublesome and tedious, but seem, I may say; ‘ to be more so to the Husband or Wife; ‘ or Attendants, than to the *Patient* and ‘ *Physician*. I think I have had these Disorders, in a peculiar Manner, under my ‘ Care, for these Thirty or Thirty-two ‘ Years last past; and I think I may say, ‘ that I understand them; that is, I know ‘ how to treat them properly. — There is ‘ no certain Rule to go by, for, — for as

‘ a skilful Mariner must find out the Trim
 ‘ of his Ship: so I say, a skilful Physician
 ‘ must find out the Temper of his Pa-
 ‘ tient. — If I prescribe a *China Jarr*, when
 ‘ the Malady is fix’d on a *Japan Ca-*
 ‘ *binet*, I shall do Wrong. — be all out,
 ‘ and perchance may double the Disorder
 ‘ upon me.’

‘ I own Doctor, said Sir Peter, I am
 ‘ no Judge of these Matters, but for my
 ‘ Blood, I cannot conceive what *Jarrs* or
 ‘ *Cabinets* have to do in the Affair.’ — ‘ O
 ‘ Lord, Sir Peter, cry’d the Doctor — but
 ‘ here’s my best Respects. — In Truth, it
 ‘ has a charming Flavour! — but, as you
 ‘ were saying, — or — as I was saying. —
 ‘ To explain this Phenomenon, I shall
 ‘ not call in the *Ancients*, for they were
 ‘ ignorant, very ignorant of sundry mo-
 ‘ dern Ailments, but account, that is, rea-
 ‘ son upon them, on the Principles of the
 ‘ modern Philosophy. — Hem — hem —
 ‘ The Disorder is of the *Feminine Gender*. —
 ‘ When it attacks a *Masculine Figure*, it
 ‘ then becomes of the *doubtful*. — It is
 ‘ term’d, by Pre-eminence, *Vapour*, from
 ‘ its ascending Quality; for it rises (you’ll
 ‘ please to observe, Sir) in the Heart, by
 ‘ the too quick Vibration of the Blood,
 ‘ and

' and mounts directly to the Brain. —
 ' Thus — when an Object is placed before a
 ' Lady in such a Point of Light, that the
 ' Rays of her Eyes center, and form a
 ' Focus upon it, the Effect is surprizing. —
 ' The Object indeed remains sound and
 ' entire, but her Heart burns for it. —
 ' When the Heart Strings are untuned, no
 ' Wonder that the Voice is all Discord. —
 ' *A Diamond Solitaire — A Gilt Charade —*
 ' *Fine Dresden China — An Indian Shew —*
 ' and the like, cause such a Fluttering of
 ' the animal Spirits, and raise such a Long-
 ' ing for possessing them, that clearly demon-
 ' strates Sir Isaac's Doctrine of *Attraction*
 ' and *Vision*. — Contrary Principles will
 ' sometimes produce the same dreadful
 ' Effects. — When a Lady delights in the
 ' innocent Amusement of PLAY, and has,
 ' what they call, an *ill Run*, it undoubted-
 ' ly will over-heat the Blood, and sour
 ' the Temper, but — I say — when she is
 ' not in a Condition to discharge such
 ' *honourable Debts*, the whole Mass is on a
 ' Ferment, and frequently produces Con-
 ' sequences very fatal to the Repose of the
 ' Family. —
 ' Would to Heaven, said Sir Peter,
 ' it was the Case of my dear Creature, I
 ' then

'then could soon apply the Remedy; —
 'Why truly, Sir Peter, reply'd the Doctor,
 'two or three hundred Guineas make
 'wonderful Alterations, I would advise
 'you, Sir Peter, to see how my Prescrip-
 'tions will operate for a Day or two. —
 'If the Disorder don't take a Turn in that
 'Time, why, apply your's. — But, here's
 'my good Lady's better Health. — I pro-
 'fess it is a most delicious Cordial! —
 'It warms my Heart. — I fancy, Doctor,
 'said Sir Peter, this Wine would be very
 'proper for my dear Girl. — It would raise
 'her Spirits. — Raise her Spirits, cry'd the
 'Doctor, why, it is their being too high that
 'causes the Disorder. — Besides — Besides —
 'All dulciferous Fluids are bad. — Acid is
 'her proper Regimen, and, tho' it is true,
 'there is an Acidity in all Sweets, it is
 'not of the right Sort. — Your right ge-
 'nuine Sour is the surest Remedy. — I have
 'order'd the Juice of the Crab Apple to be
 'taken internally, and the fungous Matter
 'to be apply'd, Plaister ways, to the
 'Shoulder and Back, with great Success.
 '— I was once sent for to a rich Car-
 'penter's in Southwark, whose Wife was
 'suddenly seiz'd with the *Kapours*. — The
 'poor Woman was as extreamly ill, as
 'any Lady of the First Quality. — So,
 'Sir,

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Sir, — as I was saying, — I was going to order her the Apples, but the Season not affording any, and her Case being very desperate, I directed her Husband to take a *slender Twig* of *that* *Tree* of about three Foot long, and apply the same in so smart a Manner to the Shoulders, that the Part might be thoroughly warm'd, and the Pores so open'd, as at once to draw, and suffer the malignant *Effluvia* to evaporate with Ease. — Next Morning, Sir, I visited my Patient, but, to my very great Surprise, I found her chearfully sitting by the Kitchen Fire, darning her Husband's Stockings. — The Fellow was an ungrateful Dog — for he never employ'd me since. — I shall not, Sir *Pater*, take up more of your Time at present, but refer you to a small Folio on that Subject, which I have now ready for the Press. — This one Glass and no more. — Amongst a Variety of Observations, one is pritty general. — In all the Practice and Experience I have had, I never knew a Lady subject to Spleen or *Vapours*, who was bless'd with a *surly*, *ill-natur'd* Husband. — In *Russia* the Disorder is unknown, otherwise the Great *Klincosky*, and the celebrated *Baronwisky*, would have taken some

• some Notice of it; but you frequently
 • meet with the Use and Efficacy of the
 • *Crab Tree*, and find it in most of their
 • Prescriptions, which, perhaps, is given
 • by Way of Prevention. — But my Hour
 • is come for a Consultation, — so — Sir
 • *Peter*, your most obedient and most
 • faithful humble Servant. —

POOR Sir *Peter* was greatly edified by
 the Doctor's learned Dissertation, but had
 not Judgment enough to take his Advice;
 for, with the Impatience of a Lover, he
 flew to my Lady's Apartment, and find-
 ing her somewhat compos'd, tho' ex-
 tremely feeble, he ventur'd to mention,
 • That perhaps she might want some little
 • Necessaries he was unacquainted of, and
 • intreated her Acceptance of Three Hun-
 • dred Guineas. — He threw the Money
 on the Table; but it was astonishing to
 observe, how quickly the *Remedy* opera-
 ted. — Her Face glow'd, a Vermilion
 spread her Cheeks, she smil'd Heavenly,
 and, at last, most tenderly embracing her
 dear Sir *Peter*, she sunk into his Arms,
 and every Symptom of the Malady va-
 nish'd.

C. H. A. P. III.

*For as a Pythagorean Soul
Runs thro' all Beasts, and Fish and Fowl;
And has a Smack of ev'ry one;
So Love does, and has ever done;
And therefore, tho' 'tis ne'er so fond,
Takes strangely to the Vagabond:
'Tis but an Ague that's reverst,
Whose hot-Fit takes the Patient first;
That after burns with Cold as much
As Ice in Greenland does the Touch.*

HUDIBRAS

THE Servants had perswaded Jack to be a Member, and pay Quarteridge to a Society of Footmen, which they call'd a Parliament. This Convocation regulated diverse weighty Matters, and rais'd a Fund for the Maintenance of their Brethren out of Place. The Members took the Titles of their respective Masters, and spoke and acted so near their Characters, that it might be term'd a *Saturnalia*. Jack was but too punctual a Visitor. If he improv'd not in his Manners by such Company, he thought, at least, that he was well diverted.

THE

THE Constitution of this motly Synod, with their Conduct and Resolutions, must be postpon'd to another Chapter, that the Chain of this History may not be broken.

WAS our Hero entitled to an Estate, his Age would permit him to enjoy it.—His Complexion, his Manner, his Voice, but, above all, his generous good-humour'd Disposition, could not escape the piercing Eyes of Mrs. *Susanna Pinup*. This Lady acted in the humble Station of Waiting-Woman to *Lady Shallow*. From her Knowledge of sundry Domestick Secrets, she had great Power in the Family, and, as the Servants phrase it, had *feather'd her Nest*. Her great Sagacity not only discover'd Charms in the Person of Mr. *John Constant*, but that he had Money likewise. The Union of such Perfections, merited her tenderest Regard, to which, she thought, if her own were added, the System of Happiness would be compleat.

WITH these Views Mrs. *Pinup* began to notice our *Jack* in a particular Manner. She shew'd him every Civility; she honour'd him frequently with her Conversation, and was so intimate and gracious, that he often drank Tea in her Chamber. Such a mani-

fest

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felt Partiality drew on her the Resentment and scandalous Tongues of the other Servants; but, from her exalted Seat, she look'd down with Contempt on the vulgar Wretches.—Mr. Buffett, the Butler, seem'd most concern'd, and, with a jaundic'd Eye, beheld this growing Passion, so fatal to his Hopes. This Gentleman had long sigh'd for Mrs. Pinup, and made sundry Libations of Pints of Sack, and other choice Wines, on the Shrine of her Beauty. His Project was as extensive as it was ambitious. He judg'd, that could he obtain the Heart of this Lady, *the cheating the Family* in every Branch, from the Cellar, upwards, would centre in his own Pocket. This was a Loss his Philosophy was not Proof against, and made him meditate dire Revenge.

Mrs. PINUP was so fond of Jack, and so secure of her darling Scheme, that she omitted some Essentials in bringing it to bear; for one Evening, when Proclamations and Vows were plentifully bestow'd on each other, and fervent Kisses and Embraces given, and return'd with mutual Ardour, the *World*, and all its idle Ceremonies, were forgotten, and equal Happiness cemented their Hearts without the Assistance of any Priest, except that of Love.

MATTERS

MATTERS were thus conducted for some Times, but Mrs. *Pimp* had praised *Jack* so much, to Miss *Shallow*, that she long'd to converse with him, and *Pimp*'s Chamber gave her frequent Opportunities. Miss *Shallow* was Sister to Sir *Peter*, and had a Fortune of Ten Thousand Pounds. Her Education had been none of the best, and her Person was of that Sort, that a Man passes by without noticing. However, *Jack*'s Vanity was strangely up, and Ten Thousand Pounds put a Million of Schemes into his Head, and his waking and sleeping Dreams were fill'd with *Equipage* and *Splendor*.—With some Difficulty and weighty Reasons, he perswaded *Pimp* to assist him, and Miss *Shallow* seem'd no ways averse to his *Coresses* and *Proposal*, tho' she was actually engaged to *Squire Hunt*, and the Marriage Writings drawn. In short, nothing was wanting to compleat this Affair but a convenient Opportunity, which would soon have happen'd, had not adverse Fate, in the Shape of Mr. *Buffett*, maliciously interpos'd.

JEALOUSY, Envy, Interest and Revenge are powerful separate, but make strange Havock when united. *Buffett* had them all. He had never ceas'd watching the Motions of

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of Mrs. Pinup, and his Discoveries were such, that they added to his Pain; but, when he found Miss Shallow was of the Party, Revenge open'd an ample Field. *Mr. Pinup* gave her frequent Opportunities to converse with him.

Sir Peter, as I've before observ'd, was not the brightest Genius in England; but, in Recompence, Nature had indulg'd him with a large Share of Pride, (*that Vice of little Minds!*) with which he sometimes impos'd himself on the World as a Man of Consequence and great Importance. — Mr. Buffett knew his ruling Passion, and applied to it. On the first Notice, the Knight storm'd and swell'd with Rage, but the Butler moderated his Anger, and persuaded him into Patience, until he should convince him of the Truth. — Next Evening the Lovers met; but the artful Buffett had so contriv'd, that Sir Peter abruptly enter'd, and caught the unguarded Pair in their innocent Embraces, and Mrs. Pinup in the Midst of a Discourse on Constancy. — 'Fine Doings in my House,' cry'd Sir Peter — But I'll spoil your Sport you 'impudent Son of a W—re.' — He ran directly at Jack; but Love and Miss Shallow averted the Blow, and gave him an Opportunity of slipping out of the Room. His Retreat was so precipitate, that he did

did not observe the Butler list'ning on the Stair-head, but drove against his Breast with such Force, that poor Mr. *Buffett* was hurried down a little improperly, for his Head went foremost. He fell with a mighty Noise, and the Alarm was general through the Family. — Had there been Earth or Air-Quakes in those Days, no Doubt they had all ran to Prayers, and laugh'd at themselves for so doing, when the Danger was over. — Sir Peter thunder'd — Miss stream'd, and *Pimp* wept so loud, that my Lady with her Company, and almost all the Servants, fill'd the Room in an Instant.

THE Knight thought he acted very cunningly, by not telling the Whole of this Affair before so many, but as he dropt some Words about *Miss*, and insisted that *Pimp* and *Jack* should be immediately discharg'd, he left them all Room enough to think the worst, tho', perhaps, their Charity and Good-nature wanted not his Help. — My Lady pleaded strongly for poor *Pimp*; yet at last she was oblig'd to consent, but with a Proviso, that the Butler should make a Third. Sir Peter gave him up very readily, so that in less than an Hour, the ill-fated Mr. *Buffett* lost his Cellar.

Cellar.—The unhappy *Pimp* lost all her Lover's Promises.—The unfortunate *Jack* lost Ten Thousand Pounds, and—next Day *Miss Sballow* lost her Reputation, but luckily she found it on the Third, in the Arms of *Squire Hunt*.

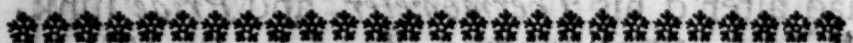
I FORGOT to mention, that Mr. *Sangfroid* had been lately oblig'd to accompany a Nobleman to *Lisbon*; so that *Jack* lost this *Asylum* with his Advice and Friendship.—When he had pack'd up his Goods, and resign'd his Livery, he found Mrs. *Pimp* waiting for him in the Hall, because, as she said, 'One Coach might serve both.'—They mounted, but where to drive was not determin'd, but at last they stopt in *Southampton-street*: *Jack* alighted, and soon found a convenient Lodging, where the happy Pair acted the Part of *Man and Wife*, with great Harmony for about a Fortnight.—*Pimp* often boasted her Riches, and tempted him, by shewing Thirty Guineas in hard Gold, besides *Linen* and *Woollens*, and sundry Gowns and Petticoats.—*Jack* was Proof against all Tears and Intreaties.—'Psha, said he, I've more than that myself. Marry!—we should be pritty Devils truly! No, no, Child, keep your Money, and I'll keep your Secret.'—'I don't understand, said she,

she, what you mean by Secrets. — If I
 have any, I believe it wont be a Secret
 long. — I wish your *Money* was no more
 a Secret than mine. — So much for
 Secrets, *reply'd Jack*, now for the Proof.
 — Do you see that large Trunk, my
 Dear? — 'Tis the faithful Repository of
 Fifty Guineas. — Ay, ay, said *she*, I
 see both your Trunks, but for the Mo-
 ney, *seeing's believing.* — You have no
 more Faith, *cry'd Jack*, than an *Ebrew*
Jew; but I shall convince you in a Mo-
 ment. — The large Trunk had not been
 open'd, by him, these six Months, and
 he found the Lock rusty, and more dif-
 ficult than it used to be. At last he got
 the better, but was surprized at seeing
 some of his Effects out of Order. In a
 little Flutter, he search'd for his *Purse*, but
 not readily finding it, his Hurry increased,
 and he pull'd out an *old Great Coat*, and
 some tatter'd Shirts artfully mingled with
 some of his Things of little Value. — In a
 Word, his *Money* and his best Effects were
 vanish'd. — He flew in an Instant to the
 small Trunk, which contain'd his ordinary
 Wear, and in which he had very oddly
 placed the *small Box* his old Friend Mr.
Kindly had given him, and most of Mr.
Villeneuf's and his own Papers. Finding
 this

this safe and untouch'd, he sat down in Silence, tho' greatly perplexed.

'BLESS me, said Mrs. Pinup, what ails the Man?—Sure, you haven't lost your Money?—' Yes, said Jack, 'tis gone, — every Shilling gone! but how, or which Way, Heaven knows! — Heaven knows! said she, I believe Heaven knows very well you had no such Thing, but that you've betray'd and cheated a poor innocent Woman; but since I find these are your Tricks, I shall take care of myself I assure you.—Very well, reply'd Jack, pray proceed, for I am in a Temper to provoke a Saint, for I sha'n't answer.—As she had nothing to fear, she saluted him with bitter Terms, and many stinging Reproaches, till Tears interven'd, and gave him a Recess.—' Since, said he, you are so good to be silent, because you have no more to say, pray let me be heard.—I have my Quarter's Wages in my Pocket, which will more than pay the Lodging. Let me have a little Repose this Night, and To-morrow you may dispose of yourself how and which Way you please, for, by the Lord, this shall be the last.—Pinup attempted a Reply, but he swore in so pe-

'remptory a Manner, as frighten'd the
 'poor Woman into Silence. They retir'd
 'to Bed, but *Love* and *Repose* had forsa-
 'ken it, and *Hatred* and *Disquietude* took
 'their Place.—The dawning Day rous'd
Jack from his Pillow, and *Pinup* unwill-
 ingly follow'd. He generously paid all
 Charges, and putting his Trunks on a
 Bier, parted with this Lady, telling her,
 before the Landlady, that she might fol-
 low at her Leisure, but, as he intended,
 so, he never saw her after.



CHAP. IV.

*EXAMPLE is a living Law, whose Sway
 Men more than all the written Laws obey.*

SEDLEY.

AS the dropping Water will, in Time,
 impress even Marble, so *low* and
mean Company will communicate their Sen-
 timents and Infect even an Heart of Un-
 derstanding and Virtue.—*Jack* now ceas'd
 to be the Agreeable, and the Polite.—
 He *favoured* much, and sometimes *drank*.—
 He had contracted a saucy impertinent
 Air,

Air, and instead of that humble, modest Deportment that drew on him the Love and Esteem of the World, his Looks and Actions seem'd to demand them as his Right, and as due to his Person and superior Merit. He forgot all the Lessons and Instructions of his Friends, and thought his own Experience and great Knowledge were sufficient to conduct him, without the Assistance of *pedantick* Rules, or the *musty Gravity* of old Philosophers.

HOWEVER, this last Stroke of Fortune had alter'd his *Thermometer*, and *Pride* sunk down to *extream Humility*. In this Temper he apply'd to Mr. *Edge*, a Barber, to whom he made known his Situation. Honest *Edge* was sorry to find him in such Distress, and provided him a Room for two Shillings a Week, but for his Diet, he was to manage the best Way he could. He had still three Guineas and some Silver remaining, and waited, with great Anxiety, for a Turn of Fortune.

As our Hero, like other Heroes, has found a Time for Idleness and Inaction, it furnishes me an Opportunity of examining the *Memoirs of the Parliament of*

Footmen, and making such Extracts as I judge of publick Use and Benefit.

THIS noble Order held their Assemblies at sundry *Beer-Houses*, but all united in the mean View of giving Laws to, and providing a Maintenance for the Brethren who came within their Rules. The Chamber our Friend frequented was fill'd with the Servants of *Dukes, Lords, Bishops, Knights* and *Squires*, and made up a subscribing Body of about Two Hundred, of which Forty or Fifty were commonly present at each Weekly Assembly. As these *Great Men*, follow'd the Example of their *Great Superiors*, they were less Clamorous than might be expected.—An old Gentleman fill'd the Chair as *Speaker*, and kept Matters in most excellent Order,

THE following are a few of their principal Resolutions; for by the Advice of Friends, I shall speedily publish, by *Subscription*, a full and impartial History of this *Noble Order*, in Seven Volumes Octavo, in which will be included all their Speeches on the most interesting Subjects, and a Compleat System of Wisdom and Prudence.—The Resolutions necessary in this Place are as follow.

RESOLVED,

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RESOLVED, That each Member, when out of Place, shall receive Two Shillings each Week, for the Term of six Months, but no longer. On his getting a new Livery to pay fresh Entrance.

RESOLVED, That each Member pay Five Shillings on his Admittance, and Two Shillings and Six-pence each Quarter.

RESOLVED, That no Member, when accompanying his Master or Mistress in their Visits, shall attempt to open or hold the Coach Door, or afford them any the least Assistance, but leave them to the Care of the Servants of the Family visited.

RESOLVED, That the Hats, Swords or Canes of Gentlemen visiting each of our respective Masters, shall be seized upon, and kept in safe Custody, until the said Gentlemen depart. Should any of the said Gentlemen refuse or neglect to pay the usual Compliment, it shall and may be lawful to change his said Hat, &c. or have them mislaid or lost, and, as Occasion serves, to give him Water when he calls for Wine; Small Beer when he desires Bread; and, if he be an obstinate Offender, entirely to disregard and affront him.

B 3

RESOLVED,

RESOLVED, That as we look on the Tables of our Masters as *Ordinaries*, so we expect to be paid in Proportion to their Rank, from Half a Crown to Half a Guinea.

RESOLVED, That no Persons paying a Morning Visit to our respective Masters, and particularly *Trades-People* with *Bills*, shall be permitted to see Them, except on Payment of the usual and accustomed *Fee*, but on their Compliance, then our said Masters to be made visible, notwithstanding any Orders to the Contrary.

RESOLVED, That in attending our Masters or Mistresses to the Play-House, or any other publick Spectacle where we are admitted, we will endeavour to imitate their Conduct, by doing our utmost to disturb the Audience. This will demonstrate our Power, and shew the Use of exalting us.

RESOLVED, That no Member shall be entituled to the Benefit of this Society who shall live more than three Months in any Family who do not play Cards five Nights in the Week, *Sunday* Night included; neither shall he receive any Benefit if

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if it can be prov'd that he has suffer'd any Diminution to his Authority and legal Privileges.

RESOLVED, And it is hereby most solemnly agreed, by the Honour and Dignity of *our Cloth*, that should any Member of this Society marry the *Relict* of his Master, or the *Daughter* of his Master or Mistress, that he shall pay into the Hands of our Treasurer, ten Shillings for every Hundred Pounds obtain'd by such Marriage.

RESOLVED, That any Member, guilty of *Robbery* or *Theft*, shall be expell'd this Society. Nevertheless, This is not understood to extend to *Breach of Trust*, Embezzlement of Goods, and the necessary Frauds in *Bread*, *Coals*, *Candles*, *Oats*, &c. which we regard as Privileges annexed to our Posts, and Part of our *just Perquisites*.

RESOLVED, That each Member be as careful as possible of all his Apparel, except the *Livery*, and that he practices all lawful Ways and Means to wear out his Master's *Shirts*, *Shoes*, *Stockings*, &c.

THEY had many more, equally whole-
some Laws, not made, like some others, to
be broken or despis'd, for I apprehend
they kept strictly to each.



CHAP. V.

*Endure and conquer ; Jove will soon dispose
To future Good our past and present Woes :
An Hour will come with Pleasure to relate
Your Sorrows past, as Benefits of Fate.*

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

JACK remain'd at the Barber's about
three Weeks ; and tho' he received his
Parliamentary Pension very punctually, yet
his Money diminish'd apace. He saw no
Appearance of Advancement, and gloomy
melancholy Thoughts rack'd his Brain.
With a View of alleviating his Sorrows,
he frequently took a *Dram*, and innocent-
ly amused himself with one or two very
low Amours. This made his Purse feel a
very sensible Decay, for it now contain'd
but a very few Shillings.—Mad and Wild at
the Cruelty of his Fate, a thousand Pro-
jects fill'd his Head, and at last ended in the

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the noble Resolution of spending the little he had in Pleasure, and then to resign a Life that became burthenfome to him. He brought many weighty Reasons to vindicate the Action, and call'd to his Mind the Example of fundry Great Men who accounted it Meritorious. — ‘ Why are
 ‘ we, said he, brought into the World
 ‘ but to enjoy the few Pleasures of it, with
 ‘ Ease and Content? — What Ease have I?
 ‘ — What Content? — If the Reasons of
 ‘ *Being* cease, it is but Just we should
 ‘ cease to *Be*. — Besides, What are all the
 ‘ Pleasures of this World, even in the
 ‘ highest Gratification, but *idle, stupid* Re-
 ‘ petitions of the same stupid Amuse-
 ‘ ments? — *Come gentle Thames, and peace-
 ‘ ful Grave now come for Conyers is a weary
 ‘ of this World, and longs to lay his trow-
 ‘ bled Head in Dust!*’

HE was now in *St. James’s Park*. His Steps were slow; his Arms were folded; his Head was reclin’d, and a fix’d Melancholy was seated on his Brow. — In the midst of these Reflections, two of his *quondam* Brethren pass’d him by; but one, turning about, cry’d, — ‘ Z — ns, *Jack Con-*
 ‘ *stant!* — Such a Man alive! — Where the
 ‘ Devil have you hid yourself these Thou-
 B 5 ‘ sand

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‘sand Years?’—These Sort of Greetings finish’d, they enter’d into Particulars.—

‘I suppose, *said Tom Smart*, you are now one of those poor darstardly Scoundrels who starve in a rich World!’—‘Let him starve, *cry’d Jack Brazen*, if he han’t Spirit enough to fish in troubled Waters.’ ‘Come, come, *said Smart*, d’ye really want Money?’—‘Not much, *reply’d our Friend*, for I believe I have a Shilling; but where to get another, the Lord knows.’—‘Here’s a Guinea, my Boy, *said Smart*, you see I don’t want Money, nor need you, if you’ll take our Advice; but let’s dine together, and talk that Matter over.

THEY din’d, and a Bottle of *Port* was open’d, as well as the Conversation. *Smart* dwelt long on the partial Distribution of the good Things of this World, and on the Necessity of correcting the Scheme.—‘Is it just, *said he*, that Numbers of good-for-nothing worthless Animals shall wallow in *Plenty* and *Abundance*, whilst such young Fellows as us may want the common Conveniencies of Life?’—‘Very just, *said Brazen*, provided they will permit our using some of their Superfluities.’—‘D—me, *said Jack*, but I am all in the dark. I wish
‘you’d

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‘you’d speak a little plainer, or not speak
 ‘at all. You may depend on my Secrecy,
 ‘for I am almost already in the Grave. Now,
 ‘Gentlemen, if you’ve a Mind to bring
 ‘me to Life, come to the Point directly,
 ‘and a thousand to one but I’ll join in your
 ‘Scheme.’—‘Well said honest Jack, cry’d
 ‘Smart, then to the Point:—You must
 ‘know, that *Brazen* and I were turn’d a-
 ‘drift together from my Lord’s. We wore
 ‘out our Shoes and the Pavement, but
 ‘could get no Employment; and some-
 ‘thing told us that eating was necessary,
 ‘so, my dear *Constant*, we *padding* it about
 ‘the Fields for some Time, and, by our
 ‘Industry, have risen to *Horse*. We are
 ‘at this Time *Commissioners of the Highways*,
 ‘and collect those *Duties* omitted in the
 ‘Acts of *Parliament*.’—‘I understand you,
 ‘said Jack; but does it answer? Is it not
 ‘dangerous?’—‘It answers, said Smart,
 ‘extreamly well, tho’, to be sure, it is a
 ‘little hazardous; but where is the Em-
 ‘ployment without it?—Don’t the *Mer-*
 ‘*chant* venture his Substance, and the Sol-
 ‘dier and Sailor risk their *Lives* for Six-
 ‘pence a-Day?—Some risk their *Reputa-*
 ‘*tion*, and most People risk their *Souls*.—
 ‘Believe me, Jack, the whole World is a
 ‘Game

Game of Hazard, and (shewing his Pistols) here are my *Dice*.—Will you Set?

OUR Hero paus'd, and a violent Conflict arose in his Breast between *Virtue* and *Necessity*.—At last, *Brazen* clapp'd him on the Shoulder, and cry'd,—‘What says my dear Boy?—Will you make a Third, and then our Party is compleat?’—‘Gentlemen, said *Jack*, give me your Hands.—Now I am a Brother.—Command and lead me where you please.’—That Night they conducted him to their Lodging, and gave him a Horse for the Morning Expedition, and Three Guineas more. They rose very early, and *Jack* put on a Pair of Spatterdashies, examin'd his Saddle and Pistols, and found all Things in tolerable Order.

THE Plan of Operation was settled by *Smart*, but, providentially, *Jack* made a small Alteration. ‘No, Gentlemen, said *he*, let us not set out together, or keep Company on the Road, as it may cause Suspicion; let us rather divide, and ride on to *Stains*, but join on *Hounslow-Heath* precisely at Eleven o’Clock, when we can’t fail of meeting the Coach we look for.—Besides, when separate, we may
each

‘ each pick up a single Traveller to amuse
 ‘ us before the principal Action.’ — ‘ Very
 ‘ right, *said Smart*, then I’ll advance first,
 ‘ *Brazen* will follow in Half an Hour, and
 ‘ you will bring up the Rear in another, so,
 ‘ Gentlemen, Good-morrow, Success at-
 ‘ tend us.’ — He rode off, and *Brazen* but
 rested his proper Time.

WHEN alone, *Jack* began to consider
 this Affair more circumspectly, but not
 with a Design of breaking his Engagement.
 The Fellow who took Care of the Horses
 was no Stranger to the Expedition, and con-
 gratulated his new Master on the Prospect
 of making his Fortune. ‘ *Tim*, *said Jack*,
 ‘ I have a Thought that will surprize my
 ‘ Friends; if you will assist me, I’ll give
 ‘ you a Crown for your Trouble.’ — ‘ That
 ‘ I will, Master, *answer’d Tim*, and be true
 ‘ and faithful too.’ — ‘ Well, then, *said*
 ‘ *Jack*, take my Horse, and ride a little
 ‘ beyond the Church at *Hounslow*, and wait
 ‘ for me; you may depend I shan’t keep
 ‘ you long. When you deliver me the
 ‘ Horse, go directly across the Heath.’ —
Tim promis’d to obey his Orders, and set
 forward.

Two odd Circumstances happen’d to
Jack.

Jack. He very fortunately knew the Name of a Family that liv'd just by *Hounslow*, of which he intended to make a proper Use; and the old Great Coat which he found in his Trunk, he had made into a *Surtout*, and was then on his Back. This Coat was of that Sort of Cloath that is one Side Scarlet, and the other Blue; it was single, and not lin'd. This Day the Blue was outside, and the Sleeves turn'd up, made Scarlet Cuffs. Thus dress'd, he walk'd to *Piccadilly*, and took a Post-Chaise to *Hounslow*, where he arriv'd at Ten o'Clock. With great Civility he enquir'd of Mrs. *Day* about the Family he said he was going to visit. He call'd for a Gill of Wine, and the good Woman answer'd all his Questions, which were such, as made her imagine he was a Relation of the Family, and had just come from Abroad. He hinted, that perhaps he might stay there a Week, or return in an Hour, when he'd be glad of a Post-Chaise ready for *London*. Mrs. *Day* assuring him he should have one at a Moment's Warning, he walk'd forward, tho' with a troubled Mind, and soon found his Horse.— When *Tim* had march'd off, he turn'd his *Surtout*, and was now in Scarlet, with blue Sleeves.

He

HE rode on about Three Miles, and met with his Friends, who began to be in some Pain about him. — ‘Z—ds, *said Smart*, ‘what the Devil kept you so long?—but ‘we have no Time to talk, for the Coach ‘is at Hand. You are to keep the Postil- ‘lion and Coachman in Awe; *Brazen* ‘will do the same with the Servants, and ‘let me alone for *conversing* with the Pas- ‘sengers. When the Jobb’s over, let’s se- ‘parate, and meet at our Lodging.’

THEY had no Time for further Delibera- tion, for the Coach drew near. — ‘Courage! ‘*cry’d Smart*, and all rode briskly forward. — ‘*Jack* did his Duty with the Postillion; — ‘The Servants, making a Resistance, re- ceived a Fire from *Brazen*, which did no Harm; but the Compliment was instantly return’d, and poor *Brazen* fell from his Horse. Whilst this was doing, *Smart* at- tack’d the Coach, but a Gentleman in it, with great Resolution, so nimbly, and with such Strength, turn’d his Wrist, that the Pistol went off in the Air, and immediately one of the Servants rode up, and knock’d him down.

JACK, finding two Wings of his Army taken Prisoners, was determin’d to save the Remainder by a speedy Flight. The Gen- tlemen

men and Servants were so busy about *Smart* and *Brazen*, that he was not pursu'd, but got near *Hounslow* in a short Time.—His former Caution had now its Use; for tying his Horse to a Tree, a little out of the Road, he once more turn'd his Coat, and walk'd leisurely on to the Inn. With a tolerable Coolness of Temper, he desir'd a Post-Chaise; but accidentally a Horse was wanting, which oblig'd him to wait a full half Hour, which, no doubt, he thought was half an Age. He summon'd all his Resolution, to avoid Suspicion, and talk'd to Mrs. Day about the Family he had visited. His Chaise was just ready when Mr. Day enter'd. — 'There, now, said he, is two fine Gentlemen that have made a noble *Kettle of Fish* of it this Morning.' — 'Bless me, my Dear, said Mrs. Day, what's the Matter?' — 'Not much, reply'd her Husband, only a Coach was stopp'd on the Heath by three Highwaymen, and two of 'em is taken, and now at next Inn.' — 'Dear Sirs, said Mrs. Day, 'tis the most preposteroustest Thing in Life, that Gentlefolks won't travel in *Post-Chaises*, and then they're always safe from these Fellows.' — 'Well, well, said her Husband, I must send after the *Third* who escap'd; I'll engage to find out his *Scarlet Coat* before Night.' —

Were

‘ Were it not, *said Mrs. Day*, that these
‘ poor Creatures *pay* for being Taken, I am
‘ *sure and certain* my Husband would never
‘ trouble his Head about them; because,
‘ you know, Sir, one of the Gang will
‘ *peach*, and then the others *hang* of
‘ Course.’

WHAT were the Emotions of *Jack’s*
Soul, cannot be express’d. He felt Ago-
nies that all his former Distresses had never
plung’d him into; but, recollecting his Si-
tuation, he chim’d in with *Mrs. Day*, and
spoke greatly against the Disturbers of the
Publick.—At last, he took his Leave of
Mrs. Day, mounted his Chaise, and got
safe to *London*, but often thought the *Horses*
were very bad.



CHAP. VI.

*To be Good, is to be Happy: Angels
Are happier than Men, because they're
better.*

*Guilt is the Source of Sorrow; 'tis the
Fiend,*

*Tb'avengeing Fiend, that follows us behind
With Whips and Stings. The Bless'd know
none of this,*

*But rest in everlasting Peace of Mind,
And find the Height of all their Heav'n in
Goodness.*

Rowe.

GUILT is a *Fiend*, that, seizing the
Conscience, becomes a Tyrant over
every Idea of Man. *Remorse* is his Com-
panion, and *Suspicion* and *Fear* constantly
pursue his Steps. *Disquietude* engrosses
every Thought, and even his sleeping Ima-
gination is fill'd with Dread and Horror.
—Our poor Hero is now an Object of the
greatest Compassion.—He knew not whom
to trust, where to fly for Safety, or how to
live; and he had now discover'd that he
was very unfit to die.—He got to his Lodg-
ing,

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ing, and, telling the Barber that he was engaged to a Gentleman at *Hampstead*, he paid a Week's Rent, call'd a Coach, and drove, with his Effects, to an Inn in *Southwark*.

NOT secure in so publick a Place, he found out a poor Widow-Woman in a neighbouring Village, with whom he agreed for Diet and Lodging. Here he was safe and quiet, had his anxious Thoughts permitted him any Repose. A Fortnight pass'd, and he paid the poor Woman very punctually. She began to conceive a very great Opinion of Mr. *Conyers*, as his whole Deportment was regular and decent. His Mind now grew somewhat more calm, and his Sleep was less disturb'd, for he most sincerely repented of his Folly and Wickedness, and with great Fervency and Devotion, confess'd his manifold Transgressions, and humbly pray'd for *Mercy and Forgiveness*.

His Purse was extreamly low. He had Thoughts of applying to some People he knew, but durst not venture to *London*; and his Landlady was so poor, she could not afford to give him Credit. He frequently wept most bitterly, and bewail'd his wretched Condition. The Agitation of his

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his Mind, affected his Health, and threw him into a dangerous Fever. The poor Woman was extremely tender and careful of him, but his *Soul* wanting as salutary Remedies as his *Body*, he begg'd that a Clergyman might be sent for; and *Doctor St. Amour*, Minister of the Parish, attended on the first Notice. This Gentleman was one of those who reproach many of his Profession, for he was *pious* without *Moroseness*, and *charitable* without *Ostentation*. *Jack*, tho' extremely weak, politely thank'd the Doctor for his Condescension in visiting so *poor*, so *wretched*, so *miserable* a Being.— The good Man, with an easy Countenance, reply'd — ‘ If your Situation, Sir, is so bad, I think you require, and have a natural Right to my more *immediate* and *particular Attention*. —

THE Doctor pray'd by him in the true Spirit of Devotion. His Exhortations were so fill'd with Christian Eloquence, as warm'd and chear'd the Heart of *Conyers*, and insensibly lighten'd his Burthens.— The Fever still continued, and the Doctor never fail'd his Morning and Evening Visits.— *Jack* was so charm'd, that he open'd his whole Soul to this good Man, and hid not the minutest Part of all his Affairs
since

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since his Return from *France*.—The Gentleman flatter'd not his *Sins*, neither did he attempt to affright him with the dismal Prospect of *endless Misery*. He skilfully probed and cleansed his *Wounds*, and then pour'd in the Balam of *Peace, Comfort*, and Hopes of Pardon by *Repentance*, and a Newness of Life.—Had Mr. *Dryden* been acquainted with *one Man* of Dr. *St. Amour's* Character, I apprehend he would not have said, that *Religion* and *Roguery* go together.

IN one of these Conversations, *Jack* took an Opportunity of mentioning the Promise he made to Mr. *Kindly* when he gave him the small Box, as spoken of in a former Chapter. — 'I am now, Sir, said he, so poor, so indigent, that I think I may safely open the Present; but I am so feeble, that I must beg your Assistance.'—The *Doctor* found the Box in the Trunk, and open'd it by the Bed-side.—He pull'd out a Quantity of Straw, and some Cotton, and, at last, a Sheet of Paper, which he read, and contained these Words.

My

My Dear Jack,

Bounty Hall 1732.

“ IF you have kept your Promise with
 “ regard to this Box, you must certainly
 “ be miserable when you read this. I have
 “ a sincere and most affectionate Regard for
 “ you, and weep at the Situation I must sup-
 “ pose you are in.

“ Should the Will of the Almighty afflict
 “ you with Sickness or Misfortunes, patiently
 “ resign yourself into His Hands, who alone
 “ knows your Necessities, and who suffers
 “ not a Sparrow to fall to the Ground
 “ without his Orders.—Wait his good Time
 “ without repining, and firmly rely on his
 “ Bounty.

“ But, should your Calamities spring from
 “ Wickedness, Folly, and Extravagance, Oh
 “ my Child! turn to the Father of Mercies,
 “ and with a pure and upright Heart, con-
 “ fess your Crimes,—repent of your Faults,—
 “ read His Word, — and practice His Di-
 “ vine Precept.—You will then know the
 “ Blessing of Righteousness, — the Joys of
 “ Virtue, and the real Felicity of conscious
 “ Innocence. — But, be not good only for
 “ a Time.—Beware of relapsing into mistaken
 “ Pleasures.

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“ *Pleasures. — Ruin and Reprobacy will follow,*
“ *and Soul and Body be at Stake.*

“ *Oh Jack! — If your Heart be not harden'd*
“ *in Iniquity: — If any Spark remains of a*
“ *virtuous Education: — If Gratitude be*
“ *not dead in your Breast, think, e're it is*
“ *too late. — Think on your own Happiness,*
“ *and think on your assured Friend*

JOHN KINDLY.

Postscript.

*Under this Paper, you will find a Proof
of my Love.*

As the Doctor read, Jack wept. The good Man could not avoid sympathizing, and with streaming Eyes, pursu'd the Directions of the Postscript, but, when he open'd a Paper nicely roll'd, and threw *Twenty Guineas* on the Table, poor Jack attempted to speak, but his Tongue faltering, he fainted on his Pillow. With some Difficulty he recover'd, and a violent Fit of Crying ensu'd. — ‘ *Yes, cry'd he, I*
‘ *will obey my Father, my Friend, and*
‘ *my Guardian Angel! Oh Sir! What has*
‘ *not this most worthy Man done for me!*
‘ *— He Saved me when an Infant, and*
‘ *Preserves me when a Man. — Good God!*
‘ *Can*

‘ Can I be ungrateful to his Hopes ?—Can
‘ I disregard his charitable Instructions ?—
‘ No ! If Heaven prolongs my Days, they
‘ shall be employ’d in *Virtue* and *Honour*.’
‘ — Your Resolution, *said Dr. St. Amour*,
‘ is truly Just, and I pray God to keep
‘ you firm in it, but this present Mark of
‘ his Bounty, is not the only one you
‘ have lately received.—His Providence
‘ has preserved you from the shameful,
‘ infamous *Death* that your *Hounslow* Com-
‘ panions suffer’d last Week. I have en-
‘ quir’d particularly into that Affair, and
‘ find you have nothing to dread. A
‘ third Person was, indeed, spoken of at
‘ the Tryal, but the Name of *Constant* or
‘ *Conyers* was never mention’d. Let this
‘ suffice to ease your Mind. — Follow
‘ Mr. *Kindly*’s Advice, and be happy !

WHEN alone, he shudder’d and wept
at the Fate of *Smart* and *Brazen*. He re-
flected on the dreadful Consequences of
lawless Pursuits. He traced back his own
Life and wicked Conduct, and found, that
one Vice generates another ; that, as they
grow in Strength, they corrupt the Heart
by Degrees, until the *whole Man* is swal-
low’d up in Debauchery, and his Name
and *Nature* eraz’d out of the Volume of
the

the World.— ‘ How fatal, *continued he,*
 ‘ is the Beginning of Evil! and who can
 ‘ foresee the End?—We go on from Step
 ‘ to Step regardless of Danger. *We walk*
 ‘ *on Fire cover’d with Ashes.* No Thought,
 ‘ no Prudence guides. We dream of *Plea-*
 ‘ *sure and Delight,* but, too often, awake
 ‘ in the Gulph of *Sorrow and Perdition!*—
 ‘ How few, like me, have prov’d an al-
 ‘ most miraculous Escape, and what
 ‘ Thanks, what *Gratitude* do I not owe
 ‘ for my Deliverance!—His Reflections
 ‘ were very just and moving, and he pro-
 ‘ mis’d to himself an entire Change of Con-
 ‘ duct.

His Spirits began to revive, and in a few Days the Fever left him. He thank’d the Apothecary, and desir’d his Bill, but the good *Doct^r St. Amour* had been before-hand with him. So generous was this Gentleman, that he would not permit him to mention that, or any other Obligation he lay under.— ‘ All I now want,’ *said the Doct^r,* is to see you quite re-
 ‘ covered, and then we shall think of
 ‘ somewhat for your Service.’—In a Week he was perfectly well, tho’ a little pale, and when neatly dress’d, the *Doct^r* was surpris’d at his comely Appearance.—At

last he propos'd an Employment to *Jack*, which, he said, he knew he could discharge extremely well.—*Sir John Curious*, continued *he*, wants a young Man, like you, to read to him, and keep his private Accounts. I have satisfied him as to your Abilities, and he is willing to give you *Thirty Pounds* a Year. He is very Old, Rich and Gouty, and sometimes Peevish, but a Man must bear with the Infirmities of Superiors.—He then proceeded in a very useful Lecture on a moral and political Conduct.—*Conyers* return'd him many Acknowledgments, and in two Days he took a grateful Adieu of the good Widow, and fix'd in *London* with the Family of *Sir John Curious*.



~~CHAP. VII.~~

CHAP. VII.

*You cannot Love, nor Pleasure take or give;
But Life begin, when 'tis too late to live:
On a tir'd Courser you pursue Delight;
Let slip your Morning, and set out at Night.*

DRYDEN.

NEVER Man began an Employment with more Pleasure. He seem'd as if return'd again into Life, and was determin'd to spare no Pains in enjoying it. — His first Care was a particular Attention to his Duty, and his next was to find out the Family Œconomy, that he might adapt himself to their different Tempers.

SIR JOHN CURIOUS was Sixty-seven Years of Age, very Corpulent, and extremely Infirm. When his Gout was not violent, he din'd with his Company, and was very Chearful. From Seven to Nine at Night, Jack read to him; at Ten he went to Bed, but never rose till about Eleven next Morning. Two Servants attended him, and about One o'Clock, all

his Flannels were removed, and in an old embroider'd Coat and great Wig, he sat in his Arm-Chair, and *Jack* did the Duty of his Office till Three o'Clock.—He did SIR ROBERT WALPOLE the Honour of being his Enemy, and look'd on the *Craftsman*, equal, if not superior, to *Holy Writ*, consequently these Papers were every Moment quoted. In his Choice of Books he had great Judgment, and to shew it fully, he delighted in the Works of TAYLOR the *Water Poet*; in an old and only Translation of DUBARTUS; in huge Folios of *Heraldry*; and, when inclin'd to Sleep, in the Modern Pamphlets and Weekly Papers.

HIS House-Steward had a good Salary, and a certain Quarterly Sum for providing all Things for the Family. This Sum was accounted for, but could not be exceeded. To examine and checque these Accounts, was Part of *Jack's* Duty.

SIR JOHN had always maintain'd the Character of *A fine Gentleman*. His Dress was gay, and his Manner such, that supported the Dignity he assum'd. It was a Question, whether *Pride* or *Avarice* had the Superiority in his Constitution, but it

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is certain, they frequently acted in Concert. *Pride* obliged him to a Punctuality in paying his Debts, but *Avarice* prevented his going a Step beyond it.—*Pride* made him extreamly *Courteous*, *Complaisant* and *Ceremonious*, because he lov'd to be so treated himself, but *Avarice* stop'd his Ears against the Cries of the *Poor*, expell'd every Sentiment of Charity and Benevolence, and contracted and abridg'd some of his *Vices*, even when he had the Power of being *Vicious*. In a Word, *Sir John* had a *Negative Character*, and acquir'd the Title of a good Sort of Man; that is, his *Vices* were not many, but he had not a *single Virtue*.

He had seen enough of *one Part* of the World to convince him that there was no such Thing as a *modest Woman*. This happy Imagination kept him a Batchelor, till, at the Age of Sixty-three, *Love*, or some other *Monosyllable*, stumbled into his Head.—The Charms of *Miss Bridoon*, his Sadler's Daughter, made him so generous as to propose a Marriage, and relinquish a Fortune. Whilst this Treaty was on Foot, his Relations interpos'd, and some of his most intimate Friends spoke pritty freely about it. They said 'It was highly Pru-

' dent in him to marry, but begg'd he
 ' would consider his Age and the Infir-
 ' mities growing on him. That a Girl of
 ' *Eighteen* was quite out of the Rule of
 ' Proportion. That a *Mechanick's* Daugh-
 ' ter was unworthy his *Rank* and For-
 ' tune, and an *Indignity* to his Family.
 ' That no one could answer for the Con-
 ' duct of a young Girl, especially one of
 ' low Education, and begg'd him to turn
 ' his Eyes on some Lady, whose *Years*
 ' would Guarantee her Virtue, and make
 ' him happy in a faithful Companion.

' O ONS, cry'd the *Knight*, what the
 ' Plague would you be at? I tell you, my
 ' Age is no Impediment, for I find my-
 ' self as Vigorous as at Twenty. If Chil-
 ' dren, *not my own*, inherit my *Name* and
 ' *Estate*, is it not the Practice of every
 ' Day? Is it not much better than the
 ' Heathen Scheme of Adoption? — The
 ' Honour of my Family, which my *vir-*
 ' *tuous Sister* makes such a Noise about, is
 ' a Farce, and I suppose she thought so,
 ' when she ran away with my Father's
 ' Footman. Does she imagine that the
 ' Son of such a Scoundrel shall enjoy my
 ' Fortune? — Then, as to a *virtuous Wife*,
 ' I know the World too well to expect
 ' such

‘such a one; but I likewise know, that I
‘had rather have a *Part* in a young *Wench*,
‘than the *Whole* of any old *Woman* breath-
‘ing.’ — In short, *Sir John* was Resolute,
or rather, Positive. *Miss Bridoon* was ad-
vanc’d to his Bed, and *Consumatum est*
rang through the Parish.

LADY CURIOUS was extremely pritty.
Her Eyes spoke, and her great Vivacity
and Sprightliness had attractive Qualities. —
An House magnificently furnish’d. — A
Number of Servants, with Coach, Chariot,
&c. were so infinitely beyond her Hopes,
that her little Head began to turn. Her
Constitution and Soil were so good, that
the Seeds of Example grew up surprisngly
fast, and afforded a plentiful Crop of the
most *fashionable Follies*. In a short Time,
she had contracted a Variety of Acquain-
tances, and vastly improv’d in modern
Politeness. — *Plays, Operas* and Visits, went
a constant Round, and *Drums, Routs* and
Assemblies employ’d her Time at Home
and Abroad. — She had a Passion for *Play*,
and play’d very deep. Here indeed, her
low Birth was conspicuous, for, not being
educated from her Childhood, like *other*
Ladies of Quality, in the true Principles
of *Gaming*, she made but a small Progress

in that Science, and play'd so ill, and lost so much Money, that her charming Company was greatly courted and admir'd.

SIR JOHN was very indifferent about these Matters. He allow'd her *Two Hundred Pounds* a Year as Pin-money, but was so rigid and exact, that no Art, nor all her *Ladyship's* Contrivances, could extract a Shilling more. — *Conyers* knew of large Sums lost at Cards, and was surpris'd how her Ladyship could answer so many Demands, but at last he discover'd, that her *Play-Purse* was *inexhaustible*. — Notwithstanding the Multitude of Affairs, and the Variety of Employments on her Hands, she found a Time to present to *Sir John* a Brace of *fine Boys*. — Her Ladyship was *Happy*, the old Knight was *Content*, and Family Affairs went on with great Harmony.

IN about three Months *Conyers* pick'd out this Information from the Steward, and *Mrs. Sieve*, her Ladyship's Woman. This last threw in some *Nods*, *Winks* and *Innuendos*, but the Honour of her Lady was always Sacred. *Mrs. Sieve* conceived a good Opinion of *Jack*, and on many Occasions gave him Proof of her Esteem. — He had felt

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felt the fatal Effects of such Friendship, and was determin'd to avoid every Temptation.—He shunn'd her Presence as much as possible, and even slighted her Favours.—His Conduct was such an Affront to her *Pride* and *Beauty*, that she shifted Sides, and became an implacable Enemy.

THIS kind Creature had laid many Schemes to prepossess her Lady against *Jack*. She insinuated that his Impudence had not only dar'd to make Attempts on her *Virtue*, but had even mutter'd Reflections on her Ladyship.—Fired at his Insolence, my Lady determin'd to have him immediately kick'd out, but the artful *Sieve* begg'd of her Ladyship not to *disparage* herself so much as to speak of such an Affair, but to *worm the Fellow out by Degrees*.

THE Resolution being taken, my Lady never ceased teizing *Sir John*, till he grew peevish.—Mrs. *Sieve* affronted *Jack* openly, and the *Steward* treated him with great Impertinence. *Conyers* found a very visible Change in the Countenances of the whole Family, and was made very uneasy in his Duty, but knew not what to ascribe it to.—One Evening, *Sir John* us'd him

a little harshly, but the Humility of *Jack* spoke much in his Favour, and oblig'd the *Knight*, with some good Humour, to ask him, *What he had done to my Lady and her Woman.*—I protest Sir, said *Jack*, I have done nothing.—‘Nothing!’ cry’d *Sir John*, ‘Nay then I know your Crime; you can never be forgiven.—Oons! a Handsome Fellow of your Age in such a Family as this, and do *Nothing!*—Thou art a silly Blockhead, and I am sorry for it, but, *Travel* you must; however, I’m determin’d you shall stay till I get you another *Service*, and have one in your Place.’

JACK had been so accusom’d to Disappointments, that he bore this with great Temper and Resignation. He inform’d his Friend *Dr. St. Amour* of this Revolution, and told him what was the Occasion of it, which he had learn’d from the House-Maid. The good Man lifted up his Eyes, begg’d of him to have Patience, and promis’d to look out for a more agreeable Employment.

SOME Days after, *Conyers* was busy with *Sir John* when *Mr. Sampson* enter’d. The *Knight* had a great Regard for this Gentleman,

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man, and was extremely Civil to him.—

‘Well, Friend Sampson, said he, Time was, when we us’d to meet oftner, but this plaguy Gout makes me perform a tedious Quarentine you see.’ — ‘Ah Sir

John, reply’d Mr. Sampson, you are at Anchor in a safe Harbour, but I have all your Ailments, and am buffeted about in Stormy Winds.’ — ‘Not so, not

so, answer’d the Knight, I hope my old Friend and Acquaintance is in no Danger of Shipwreck.—No Misfortunes I hope.’ — ‘None, said Mr. Sampson, but

what my Temper can bear.—I have lost my only Child, just such a Youth as that, (*pointing to Jack.*) I have lost the best Part of my Substance by the War,

and I have found *old Age* and *Infirmities*. — But, is it not Just, I should resign with Patience what I enjoy’d and held but at the Will of the Donor?’

‘MR. SAMPSON, said Sir John, you were always a Philosopher, but I am really concern’d at your Misfortunes.

‘Perhaps some Money, at this Time, may have its Use, and I wish it was in my Power to assist you, but, really my Family is so Expensive, that I am quite Poor at present. I wish I had seen you

‘ last Week, for, ’tis but two Days ago
‘ since I parted with all my ready Money
‘ on a Mortgage.—Truly I am angry at
‘ your not acquainting me with your Dis-
‘ tresses—Indeed I am—and you know
‘ the Pleasure I take in assisting my wor-
‘ thy Friends.’—‘ You are extreamly good,
‘ *reply’d Mr. Sampson*, but, thank God, I
‘ am in no Want. When my *Debts* are
‘ collected, which are very numerous, I
‘ shall have more than sufficient to main-
‘ tain my dear Wife and I, in a comfort-
‘ able Manner. Indeed I am ill able to
‘ attend my Friends, and much want an
‘ honest *young Fellow* to assist me. — ‘ I
‘ believe, *said Sir John*, I am pritty deep
‘ in your Books. — The last Christening
‘ consum’d a deal of Wine; but if you
‘ have the Bill, I shall see and discharge
‘ it.’—*Mr. Sampson* thanked the *Knight*,
and received One hundred and Forty
Pounds, for which *Jack* drew a Receipt
for him to sign. — ‘ I protest, Sir, *said*
‘ *the Merchant*, your young Man writes a
‘ charming Hand, and I dare say under-
‘ stands Accounts.’—‘ That he does, *an-*
‘ *swer’d Sir John*, and extreamly well.
‘ He is *honest*, *sober*, and *diligent*, and I
‘ heartily wish you had his Equal. What
‘ will you give me *Mr. Sampson*, if I as-
‘ sign

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‘sign him over to you, provided he consents? — ‘I shall give you, *answer’d the other*, my sincere Thanks, and the young Man the best Usage in my Power.’ — ‘In two Words, *reply’d the Knight*, I know of no Fault he has, but being *too virtuous* and *modest* for my good Family. My Lady’s Maid has set my Lady against him. I know their Tricks, but I don’t mind them.’

SOME Questions pass’d, and in less than half an Hour the Affair was concluded on. — Jack received Fifteen Pounds for six Months Wages, and wishing Sir John all Happiness, once more shifted his Station.





C H A P. VIII.

A genealogical Table, true or false, of illustrious Ancestors: a large Estate: a numerous Equipage, and considerable Employments, are what we generally call Noble. But Virtue judges in a different Manner. She takes the Great from amidst the Grandeur which surrounds him: Undresses him of the Vanity that disguises him, and rates the Value of the Man by the Man himself. Under the Appearance of Nobility she may find a Fool, a Villain, or a Coward; and in a Plebeian Obscurity discover real Greatness and Probity of Manners. As right Reason is of all Countries, the Wise in all Ages have spoken on this Subject in one uniform, constant Manner.

SANADON'S Note on 6th S. of
1st B. of Horace..

OUR Hero is now brought to that Time of Life, when Sense and Judgment are to be expected, or never.—He has been happy.—He has been in Trouble.—He has been (for him) rich.—He has been
poor,

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poor, and in the utmost *Affliction*.—These are the *Pages* of the *Book of Nature*, and those who read them not carefully, must have very imperfect Ideas of the System of the Universe.

HE was once more happy. — He had a Pleasure from the Countenance of Mr. Sampson, which was open and free, with every Indication of an honest and tender Heart. Mrs. Sampson could not refrain a few Tears at the Sight of Conyers, for it happen'd that he much resembled her deceased Son. She view'd him with Pleasure, but it was mix'd with Anxiety. She regarded him as a *Child*, and he respected her as a *Parent*.

IN his Employment he was extreamly assiduous and careful, and went on very successfully in collecting Mr. Sampson's Debts, and settling his Accounts. The good Man was happy, for Conyers, as much as possible, made all Things easy to him. In a short Time he acquir'd their Favour and Confidence, and was perfectly familiar.—The Boy, the very young Man was quite over. His Thoughts were serious, but he acted with Vigour. His Deportment was decent, and his Conversation chearful

cheerful and agreeable. His *Duty* was his *Pleasure*, and the Love and Respect of the Family was his Reward, which they could not avoid shewing before all their Friends.

MRS. *Sampson* and her Sister had been Co-heiresses, and had each an Estate in ***** of about *Five Hundred Pounds* a Year. The Sister had been married to Mr. *Gold*, a *Turkey Merchant*, who died about four Years since, and added *Fifteen Thousand Pounds* to her Fortune. Mrs. *Gold* was near Thirty-seven Years of Age, of a noble Presence, with great good Nature and Prudence. She continued a Widow in Spite of many Sollicitations, and so affectionately lov'd her Sister, that she removed her Habitation to be nearer to her. When Mr. *Sampson* was in Distress with his Creditors, Mrs. *Gold* advanc'd him *Six Thousand Pounds* on his and her Sister's Security.

THE Sisters were almost constantly with each other, and *Conyers* was always of the Party — Mrs. *Gold* had read, and had an excellent Understanding. — Mrs. *Sampson* was a cheerful and agreeable Companion. — Her Husband had solid Sense, and great good
good

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good Humour; and *Conyers* enliven'd the Conversation by a thousand pleasant Circumstances, but with such natural Elegance and Beauty, that greatly pleas'd, improv'd, and diverted.

SOMETIMES their Entertainment was of a serious Nature, and fell on the Follies of the World; — The mad *Extravagance* of some, and the, equally mad, *Penury* of others. — On *Justice, Virtue, Charity*, and the like. — Mrs. *Gold* spoke on these Heads with great Strength of Reason, and Mr. *Conyers* enforced her Arguments by sundry historical Passages, and by Accidents to which he had been Witness. — He was a Master of the Subject, and, at different Times, went through the *Moral and Social Duties*, with such Spirit and Force, that they were charm'd with his Knowledge, and edified by his Words.

‘HAPPY would it be, said Mrs. *Gold*,
‘if all Mankind thought like Mr. *Conyers*.’
‘— And still more so, reply'd her Sister,
‘if they acted like him, for I verily believe he practices his own Doctrine.’ —
‘Madam, answer'd *Conyers*, I am extreamly happy in your good Opinion; but
‘permit me to say, tho' I endeavour, and,

' I hope, do my Duty as I ought, yet I
 ' have greatly err'd. I have been idle;
 ' I have been *extravagant*, and, I speak it
 ' to my Shame, I have been *vicious*; but
 ' the Goodness of this Family strengthens
 ' my Resolution, and confirms me in my
 ' honest Purposes of Amendment.' — ' If,
 ' *reply'd Mrs. Gold*, you have been crimi-
 ' nal, your Confession and Repentance en-
 ' creases your Worth.' — ' Who has not
 ' been criminal? *said Mr. Sampson*. — To
 ' commit a Fault is bad, but to persevere
 ' is *infamous*. For ought I know, *Vice*
 ' has its Use, as it sets off and heightens
 ' the Beauties of *Virtue* to such a Degree,
 ' that *Common Sense*, and even *Ignorance*
 ' must be charm'd with it.' — ' *Mr. Conyers*,
 ' *said Mrs. Gold*, has one Virtue which I
 ' wish was a little more general. Tho'
 ' he has been so good, agreeably to enter-
 ' tain us with *Persons* and *Things*, yet has
 ' he never dropp'd an harsh Expression
 ' against *Particulars*, nor has he given
 ' Matters an ill natur'd Construction.'

' SCANDAL, Madam, *said Conyers*, let
 ' it inhabit where it will, is a *mean* and
 ' *vulgar Vice*. It is a *poor* and *vile* At-
 ' tempt to raise our own Reputation on
 ' the Ruins of another. When some con-

demn

‘ demn the Actions of a Man, and paint
 ‘ his Conduct in odious Colours, do they
 ‘ not at the same Time modestly intimate,
 ‘ that *They are incapable of such Errors?*
 ‘ — *Pride* speaks not their Pity. — To com-
 ‘ passionate the *Frailties* and *Weaknesses* of
 ‘ a *Man*, is the *Duty* of a *Man*. — It is his
 ‘ Office to set him Right by *Tenderness*
 ‘ and *Humanity*, and not by *Reproach*
 ‘ and *Slander*, to lead him more astray.
 ‘ Should he continue in his Folly, the
 ‘ wisest Maxim is, to commiserate his
 ‘ *Infirmities*, and avoid an *Imitation*.’

SOME Evenings they pass’d their Time
 at Cards, and sometimes the Ladies went
 to a Play, attended by *Conyers*. This gave
 Rise to a Variety of pleasant Chat, where
Jack shew’d his Memory and good Taste,
 but it was a considerable Time before they
 discover’d he had an excellent Voice. Mrs.
Gold was fond of Musick, and he hum-
 ming a favourite Air, — ‘ Bless me, said
 ‘ *she*, I protest you have it quite perfect,
 ‘ — we must insist on your Singing it
 ‘ out.’ — He made a few Apologies but
 obey’d. — This was what the Family did
 not expect, and encreased their Surprise
 and Pleasure. — By degrees he shew’d his
 Skill in the *French* Language, — that he
 was

was no Stranger to *Latin* and *Greek*, and that he understood *Dancing*, *Fencing* and *Horsemanship*. In a Word, he shew'd them what a Gentleman ought to be.

THE Behaviour of *Conyers* puzzled Mrs. Gold. — She could not conceive how a Man in his Station could acquire so many genteel Accomplishments. — She thought there was a Myſtery in it, and when ſhe had juſt determin'd to find it out, — ‘ Lord ‘ bleſs me, ſaid ſhe, why ſhould I trouble ‘ myſelf about what is not my Con- ‘ cern ?’ — At that Inſtant, ſhe felt a prodigious Fluſhing in her Face, and ſome Senſations ſhe had not been lately accuſtom'd too. She began to ſuſpect the Cauſe, and, with great Caution, ſat down to examine her Heart, and reaſon with herſelf, — that is — to find out Reaſons to correſpond with her Inclinations. — The Truth is, ſhe diſcover'd ſo many, that *Interest*, and the *Pride of Family*, were fairly routed, and *Prudence* and *Eſteem* got the better. She would not call it *Love*, as ſhe thought it a too ſenſual Term for one of her Years. She own'd ſhe regarded the *Virtues* and *Qualifications* of Mr. *Conyers*, but the *Camelineſs* of his *Perſon* was merely accidental, and quite out of the Queſtion. — How-

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—However, That Contingent, and his *Youth* had certainly *some Weight*.

BE this as it will, her Resolution was taken, but determin'd not to proceed too rashly. On a certain Day, when she knew her Sister would not stir out, she wrote her a Card, and begg'd Mr. *Conyers* might be sent to take Care of her to the Play, where she was engag'd with some Company.—*Jack* dress'd himself properly, and waited on Mrs. *Gold*. He had no Schemes in View, so his Actions were *Free*, and without Reserve. He had a great Regard for the Widow, which made him fond of every Opportunity of obliging her. Perhaps she had observ'd this, and gave it a flattering Construction. — He found her most neatly dress'd, and, for the first Time, particularly remark'd her Charms.

' I AM quite asham'd, *said she*, to give
' Mr. *Conyers* so much Trouble for nothing.
' Our Party is broke, but, rather than
' miss the *Conscious Lovers*, I was deter-
' min'd to beg your Company alone, had
' not Mrs. *Talkative* and her Daughter sent
' Word they'd drink Tea with me.' —
Conyers said, he was sorry she was disap-
pointed, but rejoyced at every Occasion
that

that could shew his Readiness in obeying her Commands.—A few Words pass'd, and he attempted to take his Leave, which she would not permit.—‘After all, said *she*, we can be as well at Home, and my Brother will not expect you till after the Play.’—A Conversation then began on the Comedy, and many Remarks were made on the odd Situation of *Indiana*, and the noble Constancy of *Bevil*. A loud Rap at the Door spoke the Arrival of Mrs. and Miss *Talkative*, and stopp'd their Proceedings.

A NEW Field now open'd.—In a short Time all the Tittle-tattle of the Parish was display'd.—Lord, Mrs. Gold you surprise me.—Not hear of this before!—Not I indeed Madam.—Dear Madam, I purtest I've forgot most of the Particulars, for the Story is four Days old.—Very strange indeed!—Why my Dear they were actually caught, but Matrimony Salves all.—This Sort of rational Entertainment lasted till Tea was produc'd, which a little eased the Thoughts of *Conyers*. He seem'd to bend his Eyes and Regard on Miss *Talkative*, who was very pritty, and had began a Sort of Conversation. Mrs. Gold observ'd it, which added not to her Repose.

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pose. She was so absent, that her Tea-Cup slip'd from her Hand, and broke to Pieces, which broke off their Chat. Tea finish'd, she put on a grave Air, and the Ladies put on their *Capuchins*, to compleat their Evening Visits.

CONYERS, unwittingly, had like to have spoil'd all, but Mrs. Gold's hinting —

‘ *One must be civil to such Sort of People* —

‘ gave him an Opportunity of saying, He

‘ wonder'd of what Use they were in the

‘ World. ‘ The Daughter, *said he*, is

‘ pritty, but the eternal Clatter of her

‘ little Tongue will give some poor Man

‘ a great deal of Vexation.’ — ‘ And yet,

‘ *said Mrs. Gold*, her Fortune will get her

‘ a Husband. — You Men are all alike, and

‘ I day say, you would snap at her in an

‘ Instant, if you could.’ — ‘ I shall not,

‘ *said Jack*, affirm or deny a Thing I have

‘ not thought about, for I neither know

‘ the Lady or her Fortune; but really,

‘ Madam, I think I ought to have been

‘ exempted in your general Censure. —

‘ Were I capable of marrying merely for

‘ Money, the Situation I am in, and my

‘ Poverty, would excuse me to the World,

‘ but who would excuse me to my Con-

‘ science? Who could give me Joy of

‘ an

‘ an Equipage, when compell’d to take
 ‘ *Pride, Affectation, Folly, and Nonsense* to
 ‘ my Arms? I may be ambitious, but I
 ‘ assure you, Madam, poor as I am, I
 ‘ have not the least *Ambition* of being mi-
 ‘ *serable.*

MRS. GOLD was not displeas’d at his Sen-
 timents, and the Conversation turn’d on
 more diverting Subjects, tho’ she, at last,
 very dextrously contriv’d to bring *Matrimony*,
 once more, on the Carpet.—‘ I own
 ‘ my Surprize, *said she*, that a young Man
 ‘ of your Understanding, has not found
 ‘ out *one Woman* capable of making you
 ‘ happy and easy. Such there are, but you
 ‘ are either too indolent or indifferent, or
 ‘ else your Heart is engag’d to some distant
 ‘ Fair One.—Come, Mr. *Conyers*, be sin-
 ‘ cere, and indulge a Curiosity our Sex is
 ‘ subject to, and recite your Adventures,
 ‘ for I am apt to believe they must be
 ‘ somewhat extraordinary.’ —‘ In truth,
 ‘ Madam, *said Conyers*, they are not worth
 ‘ your Notice; but since you command, it
 ‘ is my Duty to obey.’

HE then began a Narrative of his Life,
 and painted his Sufferings in a very moving
 Manner. He artfully avoided the Place of
 his

his Birth, or the least Hint of *Ireland*, as it might occasion Scandal. He carried her to the Weaver's in *Spittle Fields*; conducted her to *France*, and brought her back to *London*. His *Amours* were very delicately handled, but his *Hounslow* Expedition was quite expung'd. He dwelt long on Mr. *Kindly's* Instructions and Letter, and the Misery he was in, in *Surry*. His *History* was long, and sometimes so affecting, that Mrs. *Gold* was oblig'd to make frequent Use of her Handkerchief.—*She pity'd him because he was unfortunate, and he began to love her, because he saw she pity'd him.*—When he had ended, a profound Silence ensu'd.

‘ SINCE, *said she, at last*, your Heart is
 ‘ free, perhaps I may assist in setting your
 ‘ Mind at Ease.—I think I know a Lady
 ‘ who has *Power*, and Inclination equal to
 it. Will you give me Leave to try my
 Skill?—Permit me, Madam, *said Jack*,
 ‘ to return my most humble Acknowledg-
 ‘ ments for your Goodness, but as you
 ‘ have requir'd my Sincerity, I shall still
 ‘ continue it, and with that honest Free-
 ‘ dom, your good Sense will excuse.—I
 ‘ have no Objections, Madam, to *Matrimony*,
 ‘ and have a certain *Constancy* in my
 VOL. II. D Nature,

' Nature, that might make me a good Hus-
 ' band; but I cannot answer for my Tem-
 ' per, if I did not, most affectionately, love
 ' my Wife. To have that Love, I must
 ' know her, I must converse with her, I
 ' must first admire her Virtues, and esteem
 ' her Understanding. This, Madam, is
 ' not the Work of a Week, or a Month;
 ' and to marry otherwise, there is a Possi-
 ' bility of being bappy, but the Chances are
 ' infinitely against me. True, I may be
 ' made rich, but an hundred to one I may
 ' be made wretched.'

' Your Reasons, said Mrs. Gold, are
 ' very just; yet I believe you will allow
 ' there are some Exceptions, neither do I
 ' want any personal Compliment when I
 ' ask you, if a Woman of Fortune, and
 ' every-way like me, could please you?'—
 ' Madam, — said Jack, — I — I — really
 ' know not how or what to answer.'—She
 ' saw him confused, and added, — ' I shall
 ' make it plainer.—Suppose, for Argu-
 ' ment-Sake, I should have such a Notion
 ' in my Head,—Do you think you could
 ' truly and sincerely regard me?'—Regard
 ' you, Madam, reply'd Conyers, — ' Yes, on
 ' my Soul, I should for ever regard, love
 ' and adore you!—But, dear Madam, why
 ' do

do you take Pleasure in tormenting
poor an Animal?—Why do you question
me like a Prisoner on the Rack, and
make me confess, what my Safety obliges
me to hide?—But I have done, and can
scarcely hope your Pardon for what I've
already said.—Mr. Conyers, *said she,*
with a bashful Air, I not only pardon,
but shall endeavour to mitigate your
Anxieties.—I have seen and examin'd
your Conduct; I have view'd your Ac-
tions; I have read your Heart, and, I
think, I have discover'd in you a Soul
incapable of *Meanness or Falshood*.—Tho'
you have not a Fortune, I have often
thought you deserved one.—I speak to
your *Understanding*, and am not afraid of
being censured by it.—Let the *lucrative*
World run after Wealth.—It has pleas'd
Heaven to indulge me with enough to
make two *rational Creatures happy*.—
Should you be of the same Opinion, the
little Share I can give, is freely at your
Service.

SHE hung down her Head, and impa-
tiently waited a Reply.—Conyers gaz'd,—
his Eyes were fix'd, and his Mouth could
only seem to speak.—At length, he rose
up, and throwing aside all Consideration,

embrac'd Mrs. *Gold* in so tender, so ardent a Manner, that convinc'd her of his Sincerity, beyond the Utterance of a thousand Words and vain Speeches.—' Confess, ' said she, that I have acted like a Woman ' of *Courage*, by making the first Attack ; ' I wish my *Prudence* be not more suspected.'—' Tho', said *Conyers*, the World ' will talk, yet believe me, I shall give ' them such a Subject, that our *Love* and ' *Harmony* shall be rather *envy'd* than imi- ' tated.—Give me Leave to call you *my* ' *dearest Life*, and to assure you, without ' Vanity, that you entirely possess an Heart ' free from *Flattery*, *Art* or *Deceit*.—Oh ! ' make me once more happy, and say you ' will be mine.'—' Mr. *Conyers*, said she, ' there is my Hand—my Heart you have ' already.—But no more.—You have my ' Promise, and rely on it.'—' Dear Ma- ' dam, said *Conyers*, let me not seem too ' impatient, by asking, When?'—' Be sa- ' tisfied, said she, it shall not be long, for ' I hope soon to bring my Brother and Sis- ' ter into my Scheme ; but I beg your Si- ' lence till then.'

CONYERS promis'd to be directed by her ; and, Supper being serv'd, a different Con- versation began. However, it was once more

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more renew'd, and many tender and affectionate Expressions, the Eloquence of undisguis'd Passion, were mutually given and received, till *Time*, with hasty Steps, approach'd the Hour of Twelve.—With some Difficulty they parted.—He soon retir'd to *Bed*, but not to *Rest*, for Mrs. Gold had murder'd Sleep.

'TWOULD be tedious to mention the Method she took to open this Affair to her Sister.—She was her own Mistress, but still wanted a Sanction. No doubt the Reader will imagine the Surprise of the Family, and he must likewise imagine the many Arguments on both Sides, before Mrs. Sampson, and her Husband, consented, which at last they did.—The Truth is, Mrs. Gold, like most of the World, *ask'd Advice*, but was determin'd to follow *her own*.—There was no Necessity for a Settlement, but a small Writing was drawn in Favour of Children, on Failure of which, the *longest Liver* took all, except *Five Thousand Pounds*, which each had a Power to bequeath by *Will*.

THUS all Matters being adjusted, the Day was fix'd, and *Doctor St. Amour* acquainted with it, who provided a proper

Place at *Putney*, where he met the Company. The good Man loaded *Jack* with *Careffes* and *Compliments*, and felicitated *Mrs. Gold* on her happy Choice.—‘I must, Madam, said he, admire, and shall for ever admire your Judgment and Understanding, that could discover *Virtue* and *Honour* under the Cloud of *Poverty*; dispel the *Mist*, and take it to your Arms.’—He made a very pathetick Discourse, but his *Conclusion* was infinitely pleasing to *Mr. Conyers*, and, perhaps, not less so to *Mrs. Gold*, for he join’d their Hands, and, ending his Part of the Ceremony, bless’d the *Happy Pair*, and left them to finish the *Remainder*.





CHAP. IX.

*Grant me the Social Joys of Life
In easy Converse, free from Strife;
Not wrangling for an empty Name,
But raising Virtue into Fame.
Not, with vile Breath, abuse the Great,
And prate, because I dare to prate;
Lut, hear Instruction, or to give,
And Learn, or Teach, each Day I live.*

ANONIMOUS.

THE Generality of the World regard the Actions of Men, but according to the Event. A prosperous *Villain* may be internally despised, tho' his Wealth and Grandeur will be outwardly admir'd, and even envy'd.—*Praise* is sacrificed to poor and indigent *Virtue*, but every other Reward is too frequently neglected. The *Wise Man* of Old tells us, That *Time and Chance happeneth unto all Men*.—When *Misfortunes* and *Calamities* attack us, the World is so good to *pity*, but at the same Time, impute the Unhappiness to a Want of *proper Conduct*, and to a Multitude of *Errors*.—When

Affluence pours in, and *Plenty* surrounds us, they admire the *Judgment*, and applaud the *Understanding*.—Thus, the *Wretched* and *Miserable* taste *Providence* with *Partiality*, but the *Happy* and *Successful*, attribute all to their own *Prudence* and *superior Merit*.

OUR Friend Mr. *Conyers* could not avoid some few Compliments to his *Person* and *Abilities*, as they were the Motives of his Advancement; but when he reflected on the Goodness of his *Wife* in noticing and rewarding them so amply, he discover'd, that they proceeded from a superior Cause, which, as it reach'd above his Comprehension, he could only wonder at, and, by praising the *Giver*, make Returns of *Love* and *Gratitude* to the *Instrument*.—By reasoning thus, and lowering his own Value as much as he heighten'd the Goodness of *Providence*, his Mind became more calm, and his Heart less liable to *Vanity*. He was not too elate, or puff'd up; for, by regarding his *Wife* more than her Fortune, the World was compell'd to believe he deserv'd both.—Never was Woman more happy than Mrs. *Conyers*, and never could a Husband take more Pains to oblige a Wife.—ENVY saw this, but hid her Head.—MALICE, with squinting Eye and gibeing Tongue, look'd and

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and spoke in *vain*.—JEALOUSY and vile
INSINUATION found their *Arrows* blunted,
or sticking in the Shield of *right Under-*
standing.—The Fabrick was so firmly fix'd
on *Honour* and *Good Sense*, that the *Decay*
of *Nature* could alone *sap* the *Foundation*.

MR. CONYERS still assisted his Brother
Sampson, and having got in most of his
Debts, and settled all his Affairs, proposed,
at the Request of his Wife, to retire to the
Country. They agreed to live in a small
Town near their Estate, and having provid-
ed every Household Necessary, and a good
Collection of Books, they quitted the noisy
City, for the *Peace*, *Tranquility* and *Joys* of
a Rural Life. He now found himself pos-
sess'd of above Twelve Hundred Pounds a
Year, and, calling to his Memory the Con-
duct of *Lord Truegood*, resolved, as near as
possible, to follow the Example of so wor-
thy a Nobleman. Like a prudent General,
he plann'd out his Operations; he collected
his Forces, and assign'd to each Part a just
Proportion. His Distribution was exact;
but Mrs. *Conyers* chang'd it a little, by ma-
king him sensible, that his Scheme had not
provided for Sicknes, and many other Ac-
cidents they were liable to.—‘ Let us, my
‘ Dear, *said she*, live as genteelly as you
D 5 ‘ please;

' please ; But where is the absolute Necessity of spending our whole Income ? My Advice is, to save at least *Three Hundred Pounds* a Year, to answer Contingencies, and assist a worthy Friend on Occasion, neither do I see how we can well lay out the Remainder.' — ' My Life, said Jack, you are quite in the Right ; then be it so : It is but striking out these two extraordinary *Horses*, a *Servant*, one *Dish* a Day, something from the *Wine*, and a little from the Allowance for *Cloaths* and pleasurable Expences, and the Affair is just as you desire.'

THE Behaviour of this Family soon acquir'd the Esteem and Respect of the neighbouring Gentlemen and Ladies. Particular Friendships were form'd, and a charming Society enliven'd every Amusement. — Some Gentlemen met twice a Week at the best Inn in the Town, to benefit the House, and keep up a proper Interest, and our Friend was soon invited to be of the Number. — It will not be amiss to mention some of this good Company. —

SIR *John Dobson*, and old *Colonel Manly*, were the Principal. The *Knight* had been *Member* for the *County* in three Parliaments,

as the *Colonel* had been for the *Town* for almost *Forty Years*. *Mr. Leatherhead*, *Mr. Ash*, *Doctor Grace*, who was Minister of the Parish, and *Mr. Conyers* made six constant Companions.—Our Ladies were happy with *Mrs. Grace* and Family, and with *Miss Lucy Manly*, the Daughter of the *Colonel*, now a most amiable Girl of Seventeen Years of Age. Her Wit and Understanding, with her tender and compassionate Heart, made her the Joy of her Friends. No Wonder the *Colonel* was extreamly fond, for she was the Child of his Age, and his only one. He spoke with Pleasure of the vast Fortune he intended to leave her, and often said, he almost envy'd the happy Man to whose Lot she fell.

WITH great Care and Attention have I examined the original *Memoirs* of this *History*, but unfortunately found not the least Hint of *Amours*, or, as it is call'd, the *Gallantry* of *Mr. Conyers*, during his Residence in the Country. This must certainly be a tedious Time to a Reader of *Genius*, who expects at every Page a well or ill contriv'd *Intrigue*, or somewhat wonderful or surprising to raise his Imagination, and keep up his Attention. — Tho'

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I cannot answer these *valuable Ends*, I cannot pass in Silence this Space, as my Materials are large, but must supply the Want of extraordinary Adventures in this seeming State of Inactivity, with the Substance of the most interesting Subjects, that made their Evenings pass *usefully* and *agreeably* away.

In doing this, I shall stick to my usual Brevity, and trespass as little as possible on the Patience of the Good-natur'd. I shall not summon them to every Assembly, but vary the Subject by an *Asterism*, (*) and avoid that Sort of *Connection* that might pin me down to *Forms* and *Ceremonies*.

* * *

‘ In our last Argument, *said Mr. Co-*
‘ *nyers*, Sir *John* gave us a long Dissertation
‘ on the *Liberty of the Press*. I think we
‘ all agreed to the Usefulness of it in gene-
‘ ral, and to the Danger of suppressing
‘ any Part ; yet, I cannot help thinking it
‘ a little hard, that a Person shall have it
‘ in his Power to make a Man *ridiculous*,
‘ whenever he pleases to imagine he does
‘ Wrong.—What are most of our *Pamph-*
‘ *lets* and *News Papers* stuff’d with, but
‘ *Encomiums*

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‘ *Encomiums* on those *out of Place*, and scur-
‘ rilous Reflections on those *in*?—Were we
‘ to shift the Scene, Would not the New
‘ Ministry be *abused* like the former, and,
‘ perhaps, by the same Writers? I do not
‘ pretend to be a Politician, but believe,
‘ many who do, are just as ignorant as I
‘ am. — Every Man who spells, may write
‘ *Satyr*, that is, may write *maliciously*, as it
‘ requires little or no Genius; but to write
‘ with *Truth*, *Candour*, and *Impartiality*, to
‘ have *Judgment* sufficient to point out *real*
‘ *Errors*, but *Humanity* and Good-nature not
‘ to strike at *Persons* and *Characters*, is not
‘ given to every Man.

‘ I GRANT you, said *Sir John*, some make
‘ an ill Use of Liberty, and leap beyond the
‘ Bounds; if they go too far, the Law is
‘ open, and to the Law we must leave them.
‘ ’Tis very true, said Mr. *Conyers*, but they
‘ have found out a Jesuitical Way of evad-
‘ ing even the best Law. Here are a Par-
‘ cel of Pamphlets and News Papers (which
‘ he threw on the Table) fill’d with *Initial*
‘ *Letters*, *Dashes* and *Stars*. Tho’ we
‘ clearly see the Insolence and Treason,
‘ What Jury, as the Law now stands, can
‘ properly condemn the Author or Printer
‘ to lose his Ears?’ — ‘ Well, well, said
‘ *Sir John*, no Matter, let them scribble on,
‘ provided

' provided they do not oblige me to believe
 ' all their Impertinence.' — 'Men of Sense
 ' *Sir John, answer'd Conyers,* will always
 ' think in that Manner, but how many ho-
 ' nest well-meaning Gentlemen suffer them-
 ' selves to be imposed on, merely for want
 ' of due Attention. — Perhaps some must
 ' write thus, or starve. In that Case, I sin-
 ' cerely pity them, yet I hope Mankind have
 ' not such vitiated Tastes, as to be delighted
 ' only with *Scandal*. — Would a *Writer* fix
 ' on a Plan of *Instruction* — Would he incul-
 ' cate the *Fear of God*, and *Honour to the King*
 ' — Would he endeavour to make us better
 ' *Parents*, better *Children*, and better *Friends* to
 ' *Society* — Would he employ his *Time* and
 ' *Learning* to persuade us to *Unanimity*, and
 ' not *Discord* and *Confusion*, Who amongst
 ' us--what honest Man, but would *Praise* and
 ' *Applaud* him? But to write from Principles
 ' of *Envy* and *Ill-nature*, and to sow those
 ' pestilent Seeds in the Minds of the Unwary,
 ' is certainly a Conduct that even Vice will
 ' Condemn. To him who writes fluently and
 ' well, but with such Intentions, I shall only
 ' say what a noble Lord did of the *Earl of*
 ' *Strafford*, *That God had given him Talents,*
 ' *but the Devil the Application.*'

' WERE it possible, *said the Doctor,* to
 ' restrain the *Liberty of the Press* without
 ' endan-

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‘ endangering the *Liberty of the People*, I
‘ am convinced we should be much Hap-
‘ pier and much more free from *Squabbles*
‘ and idle *Disputes*, but the Experiment is
‘ of too Tender and Delicate a Nature to
‘ wish seeing it attempted, tho’ I verily
‘ believe *News Writers and Pamphleteers*,
‘ are the Collectors of the fifth great Tax
‘ in the Kingdom.

* * *

‘ ——— WHATEVER the *Equity* may
‘ be, said Sir John, I hope never to see
‘ a new Valuation for a Land Tax. Our
‘ Acres are pritty well charg’d already,
‘ so, let them look elsewhere if they want
‘ to raise more Money.—Yet, reply’d Mr.
‘ Conyers, all Taxes must at last Center
‘ on Land.’ — ‘ I must beg Leave, reply’d
‘ the Doctor, to differ from you.’ — ‘ For
‘ Example: Suppose that a Duty was laid
‘ on the Exportation of our *Nobility* and
‘ *Gentry*, according to their Titles.—How
‘ could such a Tax affect the Land? —
‘ They Travel for *Health* or *Pleasure*, and
‘ I think ought to pay *Fifty* or an *Hun-*
‘ *dred Pounds* to their own Country, for
‘ Permission to spend the Remainder of
‘ their Fortunes in another.’ — ‘ Upon my
‘ Word, said Squire Ash, a very notable
‘ and

‘ and reasonable Scheme! — ‘ Then, *continued the Doctor*, If every Man who
 ‘ accepted an Employment of *One Hundred Pounds* a Year, was oblig’d to pay
 ‘ a *Year’s Salary* to the State, and a proportionable Tax on the Commissions of
 ‘ Land and Sea Officers, would it not
 ‘ raise a large Sum, and how would it
 ‘ affect our Lands? — In *Holland*, they
 ‘ have what is called a *Collateral Tax*, that
 ‘ is, the Inheriter of a Fortune in Land
 ‘ or Money, not descending to him in a
 ‘ *direct Line*, pays $2\frac{1}{2}$ *per Cent.* to the
 ‘ State. When they sell Lands or Tenements, the Seller and Purchaser pay two
 ‘ or three *per Cent.* of the Value to the
 ‘ Government. — Thus Gentlemen, it is
 ‘ plain there are many Ways of raising
 ‘ Money, where Taxes, so far from raising our *Manufactures*, might be so managed as to go infinitely cheaper to Foreign Markets.’

‘ I ASSURE YOU, *cry’d Colonel Manly*, I
 ‘ never thought my Friend *Doctor Grace*,
 ‘ had so calculating an Head, and I dare
 ‘ say, were the Ministry acquainted with
 ‘ his Genius, he would soon have *Lawn
 ‘ Sleeves*. — I am so pleas’d with his Money Projects, that I must add *one*, which
 ‘ I wonder

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‘ I wonder he forgot. — For Example :
 ‘ Suppose all the Livings of the *Clergy* of
 ‘ *England* were to be new valued, and
 ‘ the Clergy who succeed, after a certain
 ‘ Day, were obliged to pay to the Go-
 ‘ vernment one Year of that Valuation by
 ‘ four equal Payments in four Years. —
 ‘ Would not this likewise make a large
 ‘ Fund ? And how would it affect our
 ‘ Lands ? Permit me to explain my Scheme
 ‘ by Figures.

‘ *Doctor Grace* has Church Prefer-
 ‘ ments to above 500 *l.* a Year. } 450 *l.*
 ‘ I shall only Charge — — }

Out of this I shall deduct,
 ‘ Full Land Tax at 4 *s.* — 90 *l.*
 ‘ Two Curates — at most 60
 ‘ Remainder clear to the
 Doctor, besides Marri-
 age, Christning and Bu-
 rial Fees — — } 300

450 *l.*
 ‘ Now, I would value these Livings but
 ‘ at Two Hundred Pounds a Year in the
 ‘ *King’s New Books*, and where would be
 ‘ the mighty Injustice to oblige his Suc-
 ‘ cessor to pay that Sum in four Years ?
 ‘ And how would it affect our Lands ? —
 ‘ Were

' Were this Chamber, *reply'd the Doctor,*
 ' a Chamber of Parliament, I should vastly
 ' disappoint the Colonel, by heartily con-
 ' curring in such a Scheme, properly re-
 ' gulated, but I should certainly Vote for
 ' exempting the poor Clergy.'—' Agreed,
 ' *said the Colonel,* so let it be resolved, that
 ' no *Clergyman* shall be liable to this *New*
 ' *Duty*, who has not *One Hundred Pounds*
 ' a Year, clear of all Deductions.'—' Rail-
 ' lery apart, *said Mr. Conyers,* I sincerely
 ' think, somewhat of this Nature ought
 ' to be done, and the *Clergy of France* have
 ' set us very good Examples. The Wis-
 ' dom of Government is best seen in the
 ' just Partition of Taxes.—*To charge them*
 ' *who are Rich in this World,* is true Po-
 ' licy, and to ease the poor *Labourer,* is
 ' equal to it. To lessen the Tax on the
 ' Consumption of the *Poor,* is, in Fact,
 ' an Advantage to the *Rich,* as all Manu-
 ' factures and Workmanship must lessen
 ' in Proportion.'

' THE Doctor mention'd, *said Sir John,*
 ' something of *poor Clergy.* I am really
 ' asham'd to see so many, in such a Coun-
 ' try as *England,* who appear like Objects
 ' of Charity, and thought, that when
 ' QUEEN ANNE gave up her *First Fruits*
 ' to

‘ to buy Glebe and *Impropriated Tythes*;
 ‘ they would all have comfortable Livings;
 ‘ but I am vastly disappointed, nor can I
 ‘ conceive why they are not in a better
 ‘ Situation.’ — ‘ All I know, *reply’d the*
 ‘ *Doctor*, is, That the Trustees for that
 ‘ useful Work have had the *First Fruits*
 ‘ and *Tenths*, above Thirty Years. They
 ‘ have purchased many Glebes, and, I
 ‘ dare say, from their great Virtues and
 ‘ high Dignities, every Thing in their
 ‘ Power has been done for the *Good of the*
 ‘ CHURCH. If they have not added more
 ‘ to the Livings of *poor Clergy*, I must
 ‘ suppose they could get no more to pur-
 ‘ chase, or wanted a Fund.’

‘ FAR be it from me, *said Mr. Conyers*,
 ‘ to hint the least Reflection on the Ho-
 ‘ nour or Integrity of Gentlemen in such
 ‘ eminent Stations, but from what the
 ‘ Doctor has said, and from what I have
 ‘ heard on this Subject, I must conclude,
 ‘ that there has been no *Misapplication* of
 ‘ Money. On the contrary, I am in-
 ‘ form’d very little has been *apply’d*. If
 ‘ my Intelligence be true, a *Capital*, and
 ‘ the *Interest* of a Capital, has been suf-
 ‘ fer’d to *accumulate* to so *mighty a Sum*,
 ‘ that I am cautious to mention it. The
 Revenue

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‘ Revenue is certainly large, and should
 ‘ the *Trustees* not have found out Pur-
 ‘ chases, I see no Reason but that *Twenty*,
 ‘ *Thirty*, or *Forty* Pounds in Money,
 ‘ should be given annually to many poor
 ‘ Clergymen, which, I humbly apprehend,
 ‘ would fully answer the Intent of the
 ‘ charitable Donor.—Whether the *Trustees*
 ‘ have expended their *whole Fund*, or whe-
 ‘ ther they are enabled to support *Twenty*
 ‘ or *Two Hundred* Clergymen, I cannot
 ‘ positively assert ; but sure I am, that as
 ‘ the Wisdom of the *Legislature* would not
 ‘ be less manifested by a fair and honest
 ‘ Enquiry into it ; so I am equally sa-
 ‘ tisfied, that the *Integrity* and *Honour* of
 ‘ the *Trustees* would be thus clearly de-
 ‘ monstrated, and malevolent and cla-
 ‘ morous Tongues silenced.

* * *

‘ TRULY, Sir *John*, said the Doctor, I
 ‘ am sorry Matters were carry’d so far
 ‘ Yesterday. We had warm Words, very
 ‘ warm Words. In the Name of Good-
 ‘ ness, what had *They* or *We* to do in the
 ‘ Affair ?— If the *French* prevail over us,
 ‘ I am sorry for it, and pray God it may
 ‘ be otherwise. — If we beat them, I re-
 ‘ joice

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‘ joice and am thankful. But to argue,
‘ that some Things ought to have been
‘ *done*, and that others ought to have been
‘ *undone*, is certainly idle, for, I profess,
‘ I believe we know nothing of the Mat-
‘ ter.’ — Right, Right, *said Sir John*, but
‘ you know my Rule is, never to contra-
‘ dict or dispute about what I do not un-
‘ derstand, especially when I am convinc’d
‘ that my Antagonist is equally ignorant.’

‘ SUCH Disputants, *said the Colonel*, are
‘ the Plague of Society. The more they
‘ seem *Gentlemen*, the more Mischief they
‘ do, for, as they choose, and commonly
‘ herd but with People of inferior Capa-
‘ cities, they pass current for *vast Genius’s*,
‘ and are applauded for their mighty Un-
‘ derstandings.— I have often laugh’d to
‘ hear a Company of honest Citizens,
‘ fighting over the very Battles I had been
‘ in, and minutely mentioning a thousand
‘ Circumstances that never did or could
‘ have happen’d, and have endeavour’d,
‘ and sometimes with Success, to put my
‘ good Country-men right.— I remember
‘ when I was a young Man, and had re-
‘ turn’d from the Campaign of 1707,
‘ when the *Duke of Marlborough* did not
‘ fight the *French*, I stroll’d into a City
‘ Coffee-

‘ Coffee-house, where a young pert Soap-boiler was most eloquently displaying his Talents, and diverting his Audience with the *Blunders* and *Misconduct* of the *Duke*. — I own I was foolish enough to be provoked, and long’d to chastize his Insolence. At last, the young Man to illustrate his Subject, chalk’d out two Lines on the Table. — “ Now, Gentlemen, *said he*, here lay the *French*, — and here the Ally’d Army, with this trifling River between them. — Now, (still pointing with his Finger) why the Devil the *Duke* did not cross the River, and beat the *French* Scoundrels, is past my Comprehension.” — ‘ He was proceeding, but I lost all Patience, for, stretching over my Cane, I gave his Fingers a pretty severe Rebuke. — He rose in Anger, and demanded a Reason, when I very coolly reply’d. — *It was only to convince him, that in passing a River, an Army might receive a Rap over the Nuckles.* — The Laugh of the Company was on my Side, and the poor Soap-Boiler look’d mighty silly.

‘ Why there it is, *said Sir John*, an honest innocent Man can’t speak his Mind freely, but up comes a *Red Coat*, and

‘ knocks

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‘knocks him down.—The Colonel says,
‘he was then young and foolish, but how
‘many have we of the same Stamp, at
‘this Day?—God help us! when we are
‘to be govern’d, or, rather, controul’d
‘by a Standing Army!—‘God help us,
‘indeed, *reply’d the Colonel*, but for my
‘Part, I promise you I will never live to
‘see that Day.’—‘That may be, *answer’d*
‘*Squire Ass*; but really I can’t help think-
‘ing, some People are making large
‘Strides towards it, and where it may end,
‘Heaven knows!—Is’t not a plain Case,
‘they want to make us a *military Govern-*
‘*ment*, by raising such an *Army*, and em-
‘ploying *them* in a foolish War on the
‘*Continent*, where, every *News Paper* will
‘tell you, we have not the least Business?
‘—If we must have a War, and be
‘blooded by Taxes, let us, a God’s Name,
‘give the Queen of *Hungary* her Belly-
‘full of Money, but let us spare the Blood
‘of *Old England*.’

‘WELL said Mr. *Ass*, *reply’d Sir John*,
‘you speak my Sentiments, and, I be-
‘lieve, the Sentiments of every honest
‘Man in *Great Britain*, but I am afraid all
‘this mighty *Harry* and *Noise*, and Ex-
‘pence of *Blood* and *Treasure*, is more on
‘Account

' Account of some G—— D——, than
 ' any Good intended to *us*. If they mean
 ' a real Advantage to *England*, let them
 ' send forth her *Wooden Walls* and scour
 ' the *Ocean*. — We may do some Good
 ' there, and let *Europe* fight on the Conti-
 ' nent to Eternity, provided we keep them
 ' out of our own natural Territories; nay,
 ' the more they quarrel and knock one
 ' another's Brains out *Abroad*, the better it
 ' is for us at Home. — Read our Annals
 ' Colonel. — They were glorious Times,
 ' when our honest *Militia*, headed by
 ' *Country Gentlemen*, could step out and
 ' beat the *French* on their own Ground. —
 ' Pray, Sir, said the Colonel, what Business
 ' had these *Country Gentlemen* and gallant
 ' *Militia* in *France*? — ' Business! reply'd
 ' Sir John. — why, they went to conquer
 ' and keep the *French* at a Distance; and
 ' when they had conquer'd, to keep their
 ' Conquests. Had we not NORMANDY
 ' AQUITAN, ANJOY, and almost *Half of*
 ' *France*? — Very true, answer'd the Co-
 ' lonel, and, as if it were done to shew
 ' us our Folly, a *Woman* drove this mighty
 ' *Militia* almost out of All. — ' Ay, said
 ' Mr. Conyers, and we were full as Glo-
 ' rious when we burnt this poor *Woman*
 ' for a *Witch*. — Those, said the Doctor, were
 ' the

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‘ the Days of glorious Ignorance!’—‘ Had
‘ our Ancestor conquer’d Part of *France*,
‘ or had Provinces descended by *Right* to
‘ our *Kings*, they were mad to pretend to
‘ keep them for the Good of *England*.—
‘ Had they erected a *Kingdom* within that
‘ *Kingdom*, and given it an Head of Im-
‘ portance and Weight, they would have
‘ done wisely.’—‘ Very well observ’d, *cry’d*
‘ Mr. *Conyers*. I fear the Church Militant
‘ will be too hard for Country Gentlemen.’

‘ I must beg your Patience, *said Colonel*
‘ *Manly*, for I have a few Words to offer,
‘ and hope I shall never be call’d on this
‘ Subject again.

‘ THE Vicinity, *said he*, of *Great Bri-*
‘ *tain* and *France*, and the Rivalship in
‘ *Glory* and *Trade*, will ever make them
‘ natural Enemies to each other. The
‘ Views of *France* are as unbounded as
‘ Ambition. Our’s are more confin’d,
‘ and rather lead us to checque the exor-
‘ bitant Power of others, than to encrease
‘ our own.’

‘ WHEN LEWIS the XIVth made War on
‘ the *Dutch*, and gave his GLORY for the
‘ Reason, it was the Height of true Glory
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to resist and checque such an unchristian Scheme, but, unhappily, our CHARLES the Second was his Pensioner.

WHEN this mighty *Lewis*, contrary to Faith and solemn Treaties, gave SPAIN to his Grandson, our Interest joyn'd to frustrate the Project; but, when *Charles*, our King of Spain, became Head of the Empire, our Interest opposed his being Master of two such Monarchies, tho', perhaps, our Policy was unsound to suffer Spain to fall to any Branch of the House of BOURBON.

IN the present War, when France, in Violation of the most solemn Engagements, and in the Midst of profound Peace, attack'd the Empire; — when she had made the QUEEN of HUNGARY a Fugitive, even to the Subjects she, or her Family, had oppress'd the most; — when she had near overturn'd the Great Weight that kept her Ambition from trampling on the Neck of Europe, our Interest, our Happiness and our Honour compell'd us to joyn against her. — If our little Army in Flanders, was not so successful as we wish'd, they were led on with a noble Spirit; they fought like them-

‘ themselves, and retir’d from *Numbers*,
 ‘ rather *fatigu’d* than *conquer’d*—We now
 ‘ know the Truth. We know our Troops
 ‘ *deserved*, tho’ they had not *Victory*.—We
 ‘ now Praise their *Valour*, but the *French*
 ‘ do more—They *Dread* it.

‘ In the Name of God, How can our
 ‘ Government, or our *General* act? — If
 ‘ we had not sent Troops to *Flanders* to
 ‘ convince the World we were hearty in
 ‘ the Cause, and, in some Measure, to
 ‘ persuade the *Dutch* into our Sentiments,
 ‘ what a Load of Scandal would have is-
 ‘ sued from the *Press*? — If our *General*
 ‘ had *tamely* look’d on, and not attempted
 ‘ the Relief of *TOURNAY*, would not every
 ‘ scribbling Fellow pour down from his
 ‘ Garret as much Abuse, as they now
 ‘ Honour him with for acting otherwise?
 ‘ — Oh! But we were repuls’d at *FON-*
 ‘ *TENOV*, and have lost *Flanders*. — What
 ‘ then? — If we argue from Consequences,
 ‘ we had best never *Begin*, because we can
 ‘ never *End*.—In *War*, as in *Law*, *Trade*,
 ‘ and every other human Project, it suf-
 ‘ fices, that the Motive of Action was
 ‘ founded in *Reason*, *Justice* and *Honour*,
 ‘ but as to the Consequences, we must
 ‘ submit to the Disposer of all Things.’

‘ KING WILLIAM, and *Queen ANN’s*
 ‘ Wars, had the same Rise. Perhaps that
 ‘ *Glorious Monarch* deserv’d as much Praise
 ‘ in his *Defeats*, as the Great *Marlborough*
 ‘ received for his *Victories*. The King did
 ‘ not escape Calumny : — *Marlborough* had
 ‘ his Share ; — was disgrac’d, and even
 ‘ exil’d for Conquering !

‘ LET us cast our Eyes round *Europe*
 ‘ even in Times of Peace, and shall we
 ‘ not find them all arm’d, and greatly
 ‘ arm’d ; — and shall we, supinely, rest
 ‘ content, and pay no Regard to our
 ‘ Safety ? — Tho’ some affect to call our
 ‘ Regiments, a *Standing Army*, tho’ the
 ‘ Whole is little more than a *French Grand*
 ‘ *Guard*, yet we dread from it, the Loss
 ‘ of our *Liberty*. — Thank God ! I have a
 ‘ good Estate, but were our Army double
 ‘ their Numbers, I would not sell my Land
 ‘ for a Shilling less. — All *Europe* think
 ‘ our *Property*, consequently our *Liberty*,
 ‘ quite secure ; otherwise, they would ne-
 ‘ ver trust their *Millions* in our Funds. —
 ‘ This is the *Touch Stone* of our *Credit* and
 ‘ *Character* Abroad — This is the *Barometer*
 ‘ of the State. — Whilst our Officers are
 ‘ *Natives*, whilst they are Men of *Family*
 ‘ and *Fortune*, and have their Share in the
 ‘ common

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‘common Blessing, I think I may positively pronounce our Liberty is safe.—Not to speak in too peremptory a Manner, I will allow, that an Army, little or great, is a very useless, nay a dangerous Thing, without *Experience* and the *strictest* Discipline; but God forbid they should ever acquire that *Experience* in their own Country! — Since *Experience* is absolutely necessary, where can they learn it but, *Abroad?*’

‘In our private Capacities we must keep our Honour and preserve our Reputation, even sometimes at the Hazard of our Lives; but who would not hazard more, if possible, when his *Property*, his *Family*, and every thing dear to him, are trampled upon! — A Nation, in this, is as a private Man.—We ought to acquire *Reputation*, but be careful to keep it.—We must make ourselves *respected*, but, by good Conduct, preserve that *Dignity*.—We ought to love *Peace*, but by a constant Readiness for *War*, be able to maintain the *one* with Honour, or pursue the *other* with Justice and Glory.’

‘A WORD more and I have done. I know what Sir John means by *German*

‘ *Dominions*. Without entering into what,
 ‘ perhaps, none of us rightly understands,
 ‘ I really imagine that a *Monarch* has some
 ‘ small Title to the natural Liberty of
 ‘ other Men, and may be allowed the
 ‘ same natural Inclinations. I am assur’d
 ‘ this Argument is so often thrown out.—
 ‘ Could I divest myself of the Duty I owe
 ‘ him as my *Sovereign*, I should still Re-
 ‘ spect and Honour his *Justice* and *Valour*,
 ‘ were he but a private Gentleman. Let
 ‘ us not, my Friends, foolishly and wan-
 ‘ tonly condemn, but let us rather endea-
 ‘ vour to make his Life *Happy* and *Con-*
 ‘ *tent*, whilst Heaven is pleas’d to spare
 ‘ him to us. Let us, as free Subjects,
 ‘ *Love him*, and imitate those, over whom
 ‘ he is Absolute by the Laws, but over
 ‘ whose Hearts, his *Clemency* and *Upright-*
 ‘ *ness* has establish’d a more *absolute Sway*.’

‘ SIR JOHN has given me the Text, but
 ‘ the Conclusion I must borrow from the
 ‘ Doctor.—*From what has been said, God*
 ‘ *grant us a right Understanding, and that*
 ‘ *we may Think on, and Practise it, in our*
 ‘ *Life and Conversation*.’

‘ AMEN, cry’d the Doctor, with all my
 ‘ Heart.—I think the Colonel has given
 ‘ us

‘ us an excellent Discourse, and very much
 ‘ open’d my Eyes.’ — ‘ I must own, *said*
 ‘ Sir John, we are a little too *divided*,
 ‘ and make great Draw-backs on our real
 ‘ Happiness, yet, perhaps, this Sort of
 ‘ Conduct, poises the Scale of *Liberty*, and
 ‘ prevents *Power* and *Ambition* destroying
 ‘ the *Equilibre*.’

* * *

MR. CONYERS examin’d the Plan of
France, as laid down by Mr. *Villeneuf*, in
 which he made many Alterations, and the
 next Evening’s Conversation happening to
 ‘ turn on the Subject of the last, — ‘ I beg,
 ‘ *said he*, to be permitted to add a Post-
 ‘ script to the Colonel’s Lecture, and to
 ‘ carry you to the Fountain-head, of, what
 ‘ I imagine, the *Liberty* of *England*.’

‘ WHOEVER, *continued he*, considers the
 ‘ Dominions of *France*, will imagine they
 ‘ ought not to think of enlarging their
 ‘ Bounderies beyond the *Pyrenees*, the *Alps*,
 ‘ and the *Rhine*, as such Conquests would
 ‘ be rather expensive than serviceable. —
 ‘ Their Views, with Regard to *Commerce*,
 ‘ have always been travers’d by *England*
 ‘ and *Holland*. — The Forces they constant-
 ‘ ly keep up, prevents their being disturb’d

by their Neighbours on the Continent.
 —By the vast Sums they employ in Foreign Courts, besides their known Subsidies, they fortify themselves with the strongest Alliances. — As they have nothing to fear at Home, they have but *one Thing* to wish for Abroad to accomplish all their Schemes. — Could the *Austrian Netherlands* be annexed to France, the *grand Project* would execute itself.

For this essential Conquest, *Treasures* must be hoarded, Troops must be maintain'd, and no Expence spared. When this *finishing Blow* can be once struck, France need not desire *Universal Monarchy*. — If she now maintains *three hundred thousand Men*, she will then content herself with a Quarter of that Number. — When Mistress of the *ten Provinces* of *Flanders*, the *Dutch* must act as she shall direct. — When assured no *War* can disturb her *Frontiers*, what *Vessels* will she not build ! — How many Thousands will then be employ'd at *Sea* ! and, who has she to oppose them, but *England* ? — Their whole *Force* will then be center'd on the *Ocean*. — She will then have the whole Coast from *Ostend* to *St. Jean de Luz*, besides *That* in the *Mediterranean*. —
 She

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• She may then, without aiming at *Univer-*
• *sal Monarchy*, guide, direct, and give
• *Laws* to every State in *Europe*, free from
• the Trouble of being *Sovereign* of it.

• It is next to a mathematical Demon-
• stration, that this is the favourite Project
• of *France*. LEWIS the Fourteenth at-
• tempted it, and became formidable at
• *Sea*, even to the United Fleets of *Eng-*
• *land* and *Holland*, Great and Mighty as
• they were!—In all human Probability,
• *Lewis* had seen the End of his Wishes,
• had not KING WILLIAM and QUEEN
• ANNE gloriously interpos'd and saved
• *Europe*. They cut him out such warm
• Work on the *Continent*, and oblig'd him
• so to waste the Blood and Treasure of
• his People, that his Sinews at last re-
• laxed, his darling *Marine* was neglected,
• and his whole Force became little
• enough to defend the Heart of his King-
• dom.

• IF what I have said, be not critically
• the Views of *France*, they have certainly
• Schemes of some Affinity to it.—In the
• present War, they practic'd another Me-
• thod to arrive at the same End.—They
• attack'd the *Empire*.—Could they have

' cut off the *Head*, they knew the *Limbs*
' would fall of Course.

' Such, Gentlemen, I apprehend, is the
' Fundamental Maxim of *France*. — To
' *traverse* and *frustrate* such a pernicious
' Project, Half our *Blood* and *Treasure*,
' would be a cheap Purchase. — Our An-
' nals are sanguin'd with the *Blood* of
' *Britains* slaughter'd by *Brother Britains*.
' — They shew the horrid Devastation of
' *Civil War*. — They point out the bloody
' Fields in *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*!
' — Wherefore all this, but to establish
' and preserve us in that *Liberty* we so
' happily enjoy, but of which some make
' an unworthy Use! — If we have fought
' with, and *delbron'd* our own *Monarchs*,
' for infringing on our *Liberties*, What
' should we not do to avoid *Servility* being
' imposed on us by *Foreign Tyranny*? —
' ULTIMA RATIO REGUM is the Motto
' of *French* Cannon. — If *that* be the last
' Argument of the *Most Christian Monarch*,
' certainly it is our *Duty* and *Business*, as
' perfectly to understand *that* Logick.

' NOTHING is so dangerous as to con-
' temn an Enemy, and nothing is so idle
' and *vain* as to despise and abuse the
French.

‘ *French.* — On the contrary, we ought,
 ‘ and we have Reason, to dread *their*
 ‘ *Power*, — *their Situation*, and *their Po-*
 ‘ *liticks.* — If we mean to hand down to
 ‘ our *Posterity*, pure and undefiled, that
 ‘ *sacred Liberty* purchased by our Ancestors,
 ‘ let us rouse our *Spirits*, let us *unite*, and
 ‘ act like them! — But, if we mean to
 ‘ suffer that *holy Light* to be extinguish’d —
 ‘ to *perish* with our own frail Bodies, let us
 ‘ not only *disband* our trivial *Land*, but
 ‘ likewise our mighty *naval Forces*; for,
 ‘ except our *utmost Strength* be collected,
 ‘ and the Designs of *France* render’d ab-
 ‘ ortive, *The ONE* will be *useless at Home*,
 ‘ and the other soon over-match’d *Abroad*.

‘ I SHALL conclude with the Words of
 ‘ *King William*, which ought to be engra-
 ‘ ven on the Hearts of every *True English-*
 ‘ *man.* — “ Let me conjure you, said that
 “ glorious Monarch, to disappoint the only
 “ Hopes of our Enemies by your Unanimity.
 “ I have shewn, and will always shew, how
 “ desirous I am to be the Common Father of
 “ all my People; do you, in like Manner, lay
 “ aside Parties and Divisions; let there be
 “ no other Distinction heard of amongst us
 “ for the Future, but of those who are for
 “ the PROTESTANT RELIGION and the

“ PRESENT ESTABLISHMENT, and of those
 “ who mean a POPISH PRINCE and a
 “ FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

It is not easy to paint the serious Countenances of the Company. The Colonel lifted up his Eyes; Sir John and Squire Ash shook their Heads, the Doctor cry'd, Lord have Mercy upon us! but Mr. Leather-head was so affected, that he let fall his Pipe, and seem'd to neglect his favourite Tankard.

THE Conversation was on various Subjects, and at last fell on the *Laws of England*. — The Colonel own'd they were wise and wholesome; but declar'd, that the vast Delay and Chicanerie of the Practitioners was the greatest Burthen a Nation could groan under. — “ Speedy Justice, said Mr. Conyers, is the Spirit and Essence of *Laws* both Civil and Criminal. A French Author of Humour observes, “ That the *English* are infinitely more tenacious of their Properties than their Lives; for, “ says he, Life or Death is generally decided in Twenty-four Hours; but Pro-
 “ perty,

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“ party, be it ever so trivial, may employ
“ as many Years.”

MR. CONYERS was proceeding on the Subject, when the *Terror of the Poor*, in the Shape of *John Clinch* the Constable, enter'd the Room. — ‘ Please your Worships, *said he*, an’t please you, there’s *Moll Stevens* has gotten her Belly up, and so, an’t please your Worships, as the Wench lays the Matter on *Paddy Murphy* the *Irish* Drawer below Stairs, I thoughten best to bring her before your Worships that she might swear it, for please your Worships that *Irish Dog* does a Power of Mischief in the Parish.’ — ‘ Why Friend, *said the Colonel*, we do not meet here for Business, but, however, let her come up.’ — When the Constable withdrew, — ‘ Give me Leave, Gentlemen, *said the Doctor*, to examine this Affair, and to beg of you to do exactly like me, for I want to try an Experiment. — They promis’d, and then enter’d the Constable, *Moll Stevens*, *Paddy Murphy*, the Master and Mistress of the House, and most of the Servants.’

THE Staff-Officer produc’d the *Bible*, and very learnedly began to open the Cause ; but
the

110 *The HISTORY of*

the *Doctor* stopp'd him saying, ' Pray,
 ' Friend, hold your Peace : You have no-
 ' thing to say in the Affair, and I charge
 ' you all to keep Silence. — Come hither,
 ' young Woman, *said he*, Don't tremble.
 ' — We shall do you no Harm. — You are
 ' here to swear to the Person who has
 ' greatly injur'd you in your Reputation,
 ' and brought you into some Disgrace. —
 ' Do you know, Child, the Nature of an
 ' Oath ? — Poor *Molly Stevens*, with down-
 ' cast Looks, and faltering Tongue, an-
 ' swer'd — *Yes* — ' Consider, young Wo-
 ' man, *said the Doctor*, that an *Oath* is the
 ' only Security between Man and Man. —
 ' Consider, that an *Oath* is a solemn Af-
 ' firmation in the Presence of *Almighty*
 ' *God*, that what we speak is the *Truth*,
 ' and stake our *precious Souls* on it. —
 ' Consider the Situation you are now in,
 ' and that you must, very speedily, be put
 ' to a Tryal, where your Life will be in
 ' Danger. — To swear falsely, and, per-
 ' haps, in a few Days be called to *Judg-*
 ' *ment*, is a Thought that should make
 ' every Creature tremble. — Consider se-
 ' riously, my Child, that *God* will punish
 ' Sinners, therefore, be certain of the
 ' *Truth*, and do not rashly risk your *Soul*,
 ' and add a Crime of the blackest Dye,
 ' to

‘to the Crime, that, by Repentance,
 ‘*God Almighty* may forgive. — Be resolute,
 ‘and say the Truth.’ — Tears flow’d very
 plentifully down poor *Molly’s* Cheeks; but
 the Doctor, taking off his Hat, and kneel-
 ing down, all the Company did the same. —
 In this Posture, he gave her the Book,
 and administer’d the Oath in the most so-
 lemn Manner, and then rose up. — ‘Now,
 ‘Child, *said he*, you are bound to answer
 ‘with Truth. — Is this young Man, whose
 ‘Name is *Patrick Murphy*, the Father of
 ‘the Child you now go with, or not? —
 With many Sobbs and Tears she, at last,
 answer’d — *No* — ‘Who then, *said he*,
 ‘is the Father of it? — She hesitated for
 some Time, and with great Difficulty, an-
 swer’d — *John Clinch*. — ‘Who was it,
 ‘*said the Doctor*, that did advise, and
 ‘would have persuaded you to swear false-
 ‘ly against *Patrick Murphy*.’ — She an-
 swer’d — *John Clinch*. — Very well, *said*
he, your Affair is finish’d. — But for you,
Mr. Constable, it is my Orders, that you
 find good Security by To-morrow Morn-
 ing, for the Maintenance of the Child;
 and that you immediately pay One Guinea
 to *Patrick Murphy*, or I will have you in-
 dicted for Subornation of Perjury.

THE

THE Constable, tho' vastly confounded, had so much Wit, that he paid his Fine, and the *extra* Company withdrew, triumphing with *Murphy*, and applauding the Wisdom of the Parson.—'Doctor, said the
' Colonel, I wish you Joy, for if *Perjury*
' be a *damning Sin*, you have certainly, for
' this Bout, sav'd *one poor Soul*.'—'I have
' often thought, reply'd the Doctor, that
' we have not only multiply'd *Oaths*, and
' made them *familiar*, but that our *common*
' Way of administering them, is an Inlet to
' the *greatest* of *Evils*, and sincerely wish,
' that all *Justices* of the *Peace*, and other
' *Magistrates*, would see it perform'd in a
' more *decent* and *Christian-like* Manner.'—
' Well, well, said Mr. *Leatherbead*, tho'ff
' *John Clinch* be to Father the Child, I be-
' lieve *Irish Paddy* has had a Finger in the
' *Pye*.—The Son of a Wh—re has a most
' swinging *Brague*, and the Girls begin with
' *Laughing*, but he makes some of them
' Cry for all that. The Fellow makes Love
' to my Wife's Maid, and I've a Letter of
' *his'n* in my Pocket.—Come, said the
' Colonel, now for an *Irish Billet-doux*.

“ My

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“ My deer Sowl,

“ **W**HAT cignifis making an Oration
“ and Palaver, for your one sweet Self
“ no's how despratty i'm in Love with you.
“ My poor P's karryd the Arrant oftin enuf,
“ and your one deer Fese was after givin me
“ a sivil Anser, for you simpurd upon me,
“ and made my poor Hart gump for Joy.
“ Now thees fuu Lines is to asbure my deer
“ charmin Sally, that if she pleses to let me
“ have a smal Confablation, I wil ley my
“ Hart and Sowl at her Feet, and you may
“ comand me by Nite or by Day for the pre-
“ cent Time, or my hole Life. If you breke
“ my poor Hart I wil love you; and when I
“ am in my cowld Greve, my Gost wil attind
“ you, and do you al the Sarvis I can. Ogb!
“ my deer Sally, kepe my Hart allive, and
“ you will find it beter then al the Gosts in
“ England. No more at precent from your
“ fethful and dyin

PATKICK MURPHY.”

“ WELL said Paddy! cry'd the Colonel,
“ I assure you, the young Rogue has got
“ the Laconick Stile, and says a great deal
“ in few Words. In spite of the Brogue
“ on his Pen, you find he comes to the
“ Point, and very likely will carry it.—
“ That

‘ That he wont, *reply’d Mr. Leatherhead,*
 ‘ for the Girl hates him, and abuses him
 ‘ all Day long.’—‘ And yet, *said Sir John,*
 ‘ she may love him all Night.—There have
 ‘ been such Tricks.’—‘ I am in Love, *said*
 ‘ *Mr. Conyers,* with this *Irish Epistle;* but
 ‘ I have one from a Shoemaker in London
 ‘ to my Farmer, *Tom Driver,* whose Son
 ‘ is an Apprentice. As it is a Sample of
 ‘ low, *London-shire English,* I beg Leave to
 ‘ read it.’

“ Dear Friend,

“ **T**HESE few Lines is to acquaint you,
 “ that your Son Tom is in good Health
 “ at this present Writing, and begins to han-
 “ dle his Hammer to some Tune, so that I
 “ hopes he’ll be a clever Feller. He was in
 “ a strange Quandery at the many Fokes in
 “ this City, but that Matter is now all off.
 “ I’ll say that for him, he’s the most biggest
 “ Boy I ever see of’s Age, and as strong as a
 “ Bruiser: He fitt Will. Adz, the Cooper’s
 “ Boy, and soundly thrash’d his Jackett. He
 “ plays a rare Knife and Fork, but can’t
 “ eat Weeal without Weeneger; but he’s
 “ very fond of a few Broth. The poor Lad
 “ had a Mishap last Week, for he fell out at
 “ Wynder, and broke his Head against the
 “ Stone

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“ Stone Postiffes. *I find he looks hard at*
“ *the Wenches, so I fears he won't be a Ba-*
“ *chelder at the End of's Time. Our Friend*
“ *Mr. Tabby, the Stay-Maker, is now a*
“ *Wyder. No more from*

“ *your loving Friend,*

“ TOBY LIFT.”

“ I DON'T see, *said Mr. Leatherbead,*
“ *why we should laugh at the Shoemaker*
“ *because he don't write so fine as a Parson ;*
“ *tho'ff he don't, he writes well enough,*
“ *and he's an Englishman ; But what a plague*
“ *have we to do with a Parcel of Irish, who*
“ *take the Bread out of our Mouths, and*
“ *debauch all our Women ?—Why don't*
“ *we transport them back to their Bogs and*
“ *Potato's ? I'm sure 'twould be happy for*
“ *us, if Ireland was at the Bottom of the Sea.*
“ *—No, no, said Sir John, not that neither ;*
“ *but I think we ought to give them no*
“ *Trade, and make them pay some of our*
“ *Taxes.*—“ *That's an odd Maxim, Sir*
“ *John, said the Colonel :—Now I should*
“ *think, that the best Way to make them*
“ *pay some of our Taxes, is to put them*
“ *in a Condition to do it.—Should we keep*
“ *them poor, we may lay on Taxes, but*
“ *how shall we collect them ?—Where shall*
“ *we*

‘we find the Money?’—‘I shall not, said the Doctor, reason on the Prudence or Justice of England, because, tho’ Mr. Leatherhead forgets it, I was born in Ireland, and might be suspected of Partiality, but Mr. Conyers has a Letter, with some Account of that Kingdom, which, I own, gave me great Pleasure, because I sincerely love Great Britain, and honour the King.’
 —The Account, said Mr. Conyers, that the Doctor has mention’d, is a Copy of a Letter from an English Gentleman, to a noble Lord, which fell into my Hands by Accident. If you think proper, it shall make Part of our Entertainment at next Meeting.’

THE Reader will please to remember, that Mr. Villeneuve gave Jack a Paper relating to Ireland. This Paper Mr. Conyers alter’d, and threw into the Shape of the following Letter, which he read in his Place.

Dublin, 17 March, 1744.

My Lord,

I HAVE now finished my Tour through this Kingdom. In my former Letters,

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‘ ters, I gave your Lordship some Account
‘ of Cities and Towns, but rather as a
‘ Journal of my Travels, than a regular
‘ Description of the Country. I purpose,
‘ now, to speak of the Kingdom in general,
‘ and hope I have so much conquer’d
‘ my former unaccountable *Prejudices*, as
‘ to be able to give your Lordship a short,
‘ but true Idea of *Ireland*.

‘ It is of little Moment to argue, whether
‘ this Country is claim’d by *England* as
‘ a Conquest, or whether the Inhabitants
‘ threw themselves under its Protection?—
‘ That the *Irish* fought against *Queen Elizabeth*,
‘ and were often in Arms, till entirely
‘ subdu’d by *King William*, is a Matter not
‘ to be wondered at, when we consider
‘ their *Religion*.—Erroneous as their Principles
‘ were, they certainly acted agreeable
‘ to them.—No doubt, the Resistance they
‘ made, and the Blood they shed, struck
‘ that Sort of *Horror* and *Hatred* in our
‘ Ancestors, that is handed down to their
‘ Posterity, and makes, at this Day, Part
‘ of our Character.—When we speak of the
‘ People, we ought carefully to make a
‘ Distinction between *Irish* and *Irish*, that
‘ is, we ought to regard the *Protestants* of
‘ *Ireland* as ourselves, because, in Fact, they
‘ are

are our *Brethren* and our *Children*; and so to manage the poor *Natives*, who are mostly *Papists*, that by *Clemency* and good *Usage*, we may wean them from ill *Habits*, and make them *faithful* and *useful* *Subjects*.

THE Settlements of our Ancestors in this *Kingdom*, and the Number of *English* that are daily fixing themselves in the *Law*, the *Church*, the *Army*, and in *Civil Employments*, must, in Time, make it a *Protestant Country*, and of the highest Importance to *Great Britain*.—An Acquisition of *Three Millions* of *Subjects*, and above *Ten Millions* of good Acres, is not so trivial an Affair as some imagine.—If we have *conquered* this *Kingdom*, Who enjoys the *Conquest* but the Descendants of the *English*?—If true Policy requires Lenity and Encouragement to the *Conquered*, undoubtedly the *Conquerors*, who settled on the Spot, have at least the same Title.—Wherefore did we conquer, but to establish our *Laws*, our *Religion*, our *Manners*, and our *Liberty* amongst a People who greatly wanted all, and to add *Strength* and *Lustre* to the *Throne* of *England*?—It is true, my Lord, we are *Masters* of this *Kingdom*, but I am afraid

we

‘ we do not reap a *Tenth* of the Advantages
 ‘ it might procure us!

‘ Our whole Conduct favours too much
 ‘ of *Monopoly*. We argue from wrong
 ‘ Principles; for every *Individual*, regard-
 ‘ less of every other, measures the Happi-
 ‘ ness of the Kingdom, but by his own pri-
 ‘ vate Interest.—Thus, a *cloathing* Town
 ‘ complains dreadfully of the *Decay* of its
 ‘ Trade, without considering how much it
 ‘ *increases* in another.—*Bristol* is much out
 ‘ of Humour, that the *African* and *Slave-*
 ‘ *Trade* is so considerably fall’n; but *Bris-*
 ‘ *tol* forgets to inform us, how greatly it
 ‘ flourishes at *Liverpool*.

‘ PROVIDED the Trade exists, ’tis indif-
 ‘ ferent to us, as a Nation, where it fixes,
 ‘ but I apprehend, the more Places it in-
 ‘ habits, the greater the Chance for its *In-*
 ‘ *creasing*. — With Regard to the King-
 ‘ dom, I applaud our Wisdom in pro-
 ‘ moting and encouraging their *Linnen*
 ‘ *Manufacture*.—Their Industry has brought
 ‘ this Branch to infinite Perfection, which,
 ‘ alone, enables them to pay so great a
 ‘ Tax to *England* as *Eight Hundred Thou-*
 ‘ *sand Pounds a Year*.—Your Lordship will
 ‘ be surpris’d at my mentioning a Tax.—

‘ If

' If the express Letter will not allow of
 ' the Term, the *real Fact* will justify it,—
 ' The *Pensions* and *Employments* on this
 ' Establishment, the large *Fortunes* spent
 ' in *England*, the great Importation of
 ' *English* Commodities, with other Articles
 ' that are exactly computed, will amount
 ' to that Sum, if not to more.

' DID they want this *Linnen* Trade,
 ' *England* would want so much clear Pro-
 ' fit, and *Silesia*, *Hamburg* and *Holland*,
 ' enjoy the Sweets. Your Lordship there-
 ' fore perceives, how much it is the Inte-
 ' rest of *England*, to cherish and counte-
 ' nance this Branch. Should we neglect
 ' or clog it by *partial Views*, or unseason-
 ' able *Parfimony*, we should irrecoverably
 ' lose a *Mine*, more valuable than that of
 ' *Gold*. Whilst we favour *Ireland* in this,
 ' it is but Just and Right we should be
 ' equally Kind to our Brethren of *Scotland*.
 ' The Field is wide enough for both, and
 ' both ought to be supported by every
 ' *Bounty* we can bestow.'

' WHAT Laws have we not made, what
 ' Expence have we not been at, to pre-
 ' vent the Exportation of *Irish Wool* into
 ' Foreign Nations! — Has it answered
 ' the

‘ the End proposed ? — I am sure it has
 ‘ not. — The natural Consequence of our
 ‘ Prohibition is, that they send it by Stealth
 ‘ into *France*, where they have a certain
 ‘ Vent. — Is this clandestine Trade practi-
 ‘ sed in *England* ? — I fear your Lord-
 ‘ ship cannot answer in the Negative.’

‘ IRELAND could do extreamly well
 ‘ without *French Wines*, but I know not
 ‘ the Inconveniencies *France* would be drove
 ‘ to, had she not their *Beef*, their *Tallow*,
 ‘ *Hydes* and *Butter* ; but when we add
 ‘ *Wool*, the *Irish* have a Profit in that Com-
 ‘ modity ; the *French* have a vast Gain,
 ‘ but the *English* are, as certainly, vast
 ‘ Losers. — Were your Lordship to exa-
 ‘ mine strictly into the Truth, you would
 ‘ find that the grand Contest is not so much
 ‘ between *England* and *Ireland*, but between
 ‘ *England* and *France*. Your Lordship
 ‘ would then discover, that every Link we
 ‘ throw out to bind *Ireland*, not only cur-
 ‘ tails *their Profits*, but our own, and, what
 ‘ is worse, transferring those Profits into
 ‘ the Arms of *France*. — Was this Matter
 ‘ seriously consider’d, and it is worth the
 ‘ Thoughts of the wisest amongst us, *Ab-*
 ‘ beville would soon be a Desert, and the
 ‘ VOL. II. F *French*

‘ *French* obliged to recur to the old Method of buying our Stuffs.

‘ AMONGST the many Schemes for restraining *Irish Wool*, I have met but with one, that in any Degree can answer the End.—The Author proposes a large Bounty on the Exportation of Corn from *Ireland*.—This, says he, would certainly throw the Inhabitants into Tillage, and soon convert their *Sheep Walks* into Corn Fields, and all the People would be properly employ’d and supported.

‘ WERE your Lordship to view the Southern and Western Coast of this Kingdom, you would be as much charm’d with their Bays and Harbours, as astonish’d to find them of such little Use.—Little to themselves, but less to England.—Were it possible to convince Gentlemen, that, let the Riches of *Ireland* be what it will, Nine Tenths would certainly center in England, I imagine they could not hesitate a Moment, but, by endeavouring to increase it, at the Expence of our Enemies, enable them, at last, to bear a Proportion, and to contribute to the Exigencies of the British Government.’

‘ THE

‘ THE common Opinion of the *Laziness* of the *Irish*, is not strictly Just.
 ‘ The *Negroes* in *America* have certainly
 ‘ more comfortable Dwellings, and are
 ‘ better fed than the *poor Natives* of this
 ‘ Country. They are Strangers to *Property*, as well as *Meat*. With what Spirit would an *English Plowman* work,
 ‘ under such Circumstances? — I fancy,
 ‘ not much better than the *Irish*.—If these
 ‘ poor People are *Slothful* and *Inactive*,
 ‘ their *Food* will account for it, on the
 ‘ same Principles that *Sir William Temple*
 ‘ accounts for the *peculiar Courage* of the
 ‘ *English*.—No doubt, my Lord, but good
 ‘ Nourishment, good Cloaths, and decent
 ‘ Habitations, greatly influence the Constitution of a Man, and give a Labourer
 ‘ that Vigour and Life so necessary to his
 ‘ Employment.—Your Lordship may ask,
 ‘ Why it is not so in *Ireland*.—The Error,
 ‘ I think, lies in the Generality of the
 ‘ *Landlords*. Here, a Man of large Fortune never sees his *Estate*, and will not
 ‘ be troubled with a Multiplicity of Tenants.—He lets the Whole to a few
 ‘ Gentlemen.—These, lett their Parts to
 ‘ others, reserving a certain Revenue to
 ‘ themselves.—These again do the same
 ‘ in a lower Degree, till, by passing thro’

‘ a Dozen, or Twenty Hands, it sinks the
 ‘ *real Occupiers* into downright *Misery* and
 ‘ *Wretchedness*.—As a Man of some Hu-
 ‘ manity and Tenderneſs for my Fellow
 ‘ Creatures, I moſt heartily wiſh I could
 ‘ as eaſily point out the *Remedy*, as ſhew
 ‘ the *Disease*.’

‘ NOTWITHSTANDING their *own* capital
 ‘ Errors, and many of *ours*, they ſeem to
 ‘ ſtruggle through Difficulties with great
 ‘ Reſignation and Patience. They ſpare
 ‘ no Pains to make it a *Proteſtant King-*
 ‘ *dom*, and moſt vigorously follow the Plan
 ‘ laid down, at a vaſt Expence, by DR.
 ‘ HENRY MAUL, now *Biſhop of Meath*, in
 ‘ educating the Children of the Natives in
 ‘ *Labour, Industry* and *true Religion*. Al-
 ‘ ready have they reclaim’d Thouſands of
 ‘ unhappy Creatures, and added them to
 ‘ the Stock of *faithful Subjects*. — If the
 ‘ *Romans* granted a *Civic Crown* to him
 ‘ who ſaved *one* Citizen, what *Triumphs*,
 ‘ what *Statues* does not this truly *Right*
 ‘ *Reverend Prelate* deſerve, for preſerving
 ‘ ſuch Multitudes ! — The Reward of *this*
 ‘ *World* can be but Praise ; — the *juſt Re-*
 ‘ *compence* can only be given in the *other*.
 ‘ — I incloſe to your Lordſhip a full Ac-
 ‘ count

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‘ count of this most noble and useful *Charity*, now founded on a *Charter*.

‘ ONE rational Scheme produces others.
‘ —Their liberal Subscriptions for encouraging *Husbandry*, *Arts*, *Manufactures*,
‘ and, in short, every Branch of *Industry*
‘ and *useful Knowledge*, betrays not an
‘ *idle, inactive Spirit*, and the Consequence
‘ is visible throughout the whole Kingdom.—I send your Lordship a List of
‘ *Premiums* for the present Year. Add
‘ this to the Account of the *Charter Schools*,
‘ and they give such a Proof of *true Wisdom* and *Understanding*, that I am not able
‘ to cite any Thing that even looks like
‘ a Parallel.

‘ YOUR Lordship will not expect Encomiums on the *Papists* of this Kingdom
‘ for their *firm Attachment* to a *Protestant Government*. No, my Lord, but they are
‘ *quiet and amenable* to it. As for the
‘ *Protestants*, I am convinc’d, his Majesty
‘ has not more *loyal and faithful Subjects*.

‘ THE Ridicule on the *Irish Tone*, or
‘ Manner of Speaking, is rather more
‘ *absurd* than *barbarous*. All Nations have

' that Folly. — The *Parisians* make very
 ' free with the *Normans*, *Gascoigns*, and
 ' other Provinces. — The People of *Rome*
 ' banter the common *Venetian Dialect*. —
 ' The *Saxons* despise the *Tone* of other Ger-
 ' man States. — All *Germany* laugh at the
 ' *Low Dutch*, and the *Dutch* laugh as
 ' heartily at the *Flemmings*. — Each County
 ' in *England* make themselves merry at the
 ' Expence of another; but all *England* ri-
 ' dicule the *Scotch* and *Irish*, and these, I
 ' suppose, return the Compliment. — Thus
 ' we have all the lucky Faculty of finding
 ' Perfection in ourselves, and seeing the Con-
 ' trary in our Neighbours.

' **WHATEVER** might have been the Rea-
 ' son for holding the *Irish* in Contempt,
 ' even to *Hatred*, I can truly say, those
 ' Reasons must have, long since, ceas'd.
 ' They are now *Members*, and very useful
 ' Members to our *Body*, and are capable of
 ' being made infinitely more so. They are
 ' not, as some imagine, a *Wen* on the
 ' Neck of *England*, that disgraces our *Form*,
 ' and sucks up our *natural Juices*. No, my
 ' Lord; but as it certainly is in our Power
 ' to make them so, it is as certain, that we
 ' may and ought to render them a *Strength*
 ' and a *Support* to the *British Government*.

‘ I CANNOT let slip an Opportunity of
 ‘ expressing my *Gratitude* for the many Ci-
 ‘ vilities I have received in this Country.
 ‘ *Hospitality* is their Character. Indeed they
 ‘ a little exceed in the Article of *Wine*, es-
 ‘ pecially in *Brimmers*, to the Cause of *Li-*
 ‘ *berty* and our *happy Constitution*. Their
 ‘ Zeal is so fervent, that they forget, that
 ‘ the *Wine they drink* is of that Country that
 ‘ would destroy both.

LET us, my Lord, avoid all invidious
 ‘ Names and *Distinctions*, and rank them
 ‘ amongst the *Errors* of the *Vulgar*. Let
 ‘ us be *just* and *faithful* to each other. Let
 ‘ us learn *Truth*, *Wisdom*, and *Honour*.—
 ‘ These are not confin’d to the *Torrid* or
 ‘ *Frigid Zone*, neither can *temperate Regions*
 ‘ boast their peculiar Residence.

‘ I am,
 ‘ with the greatest Respect,
 ‘ my Lord, &c.



C H A P. X.

*Where, where, degen'rate Countrymen—
 how high
 Will your fond Folly and your Madness fly?
 Are Scenes of Death, and servile Chains so
 dear
 To sue for Blood and Bondage every Year,
 Like Rebel Jews, with too much Freedom
 curst,
 To court a Change — tho' certain of the
 worst?*

GARTH.

I AM afraid I have carried my Reader too far from the Subject-Matter of this History, and try'd his Patience; but I assure him that my Indulgence has been very great, for, at infinite Pains, I have curtail'd the last Chapter at least Sixty Pages. — Few know the Difficulty of Bridling the Imagination, and Reining back an hard-mouth'd Pen. It sometimes gets a-head, and in Spite of all our Skill, runs away with us into Mire and Dirt; nay, this Minute I find my Quill in a Humour
 to

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to gallop, so shall stop him short in
Time.

THUS we have seen the agreeable Manner Mr. Conyers pass'd away many Evenings ; and thus did he establish himself in the Affections of his Company, and in the Love of the Inhabitants, by many Acts of generous Charity. Colonel Manly, in particular, held him in great Esteem, and carry'd his Friendship so far, as to promise his Interest with the *Borough* for a *Seat* in *Parliament* on the first Vacancy.

MR. CONYERS had now experienced perfect Happiness for above a Year.—He knew the great Secret of enjoying the *good Things of this World*, so as not to abuse them.—His *Fortune*, his *faithful and agreeable Companion*, his *Family* and the *Love and Respect* of all, were the Rewards of his *honest Intentions to all Mankind*. In a Word, *the Elements in him were so mix'd*, that he deserv'd the honourable Title of a *Man*.—But this World is not made for *permanent and lasting Joys* !—His *Happiness, Tranquillity*, and every *domestick Pleasure*, vanish'd in a Moment, and left him as awaken'd out of a Dream of Bliss.—He had a Prospect of an Increase to his
F 5 Happiness,

Happiness, but the Disappointment added to his Pains.

Mrs. CONYERS was near Lying-in, but an ignorant Servant Maid telling her a most frightful Story of the *Rebellion*, which had just then broke out, threw her into a *Fit* and violent Tremor, which brought on an improper Labour. She was deliver'd of a Boy, who died soon after, and in four Days the *kind*, the *tender*, the *affectionate* and *agreeable* Mrs. Conyers follow'd her Child.

THE Distraction and real Grief of the Family and their Friends is not to be express'd. Mr. Conyers bore this dreadful Stroke like a *Man*, but *he felt it like a Man*. His Exclamations were few, but his Sighs and the Throbbings of his Heart were without Number. His *inky Coat* was not the only Sign of Sorrow. The involuntary Tear, the Heavings of his Breast, and the Alteration of his Countenance, gave visible Marks of *sincere Affliction*. — Let me at once quit the melancholy Subject, and bring my Friend to a State of Mind a little more compos'd and resign'd. — He assur'd Mr. and Mrs. Sampson of his constant Affection and Love, and that notwithstanding

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withstanding his *dearest Wife* had made no *Will*, he knew her Intention, and would fulfil it. Accordingly, new Writings were drawn, and he made them a Compliment of *Three thousand Pounds*.

His gloomy Countenance would have had a much longer Duration, had not the *Rebellion* rous'd his Indignation. He thought his Duty to his *Sovereign* call'd him from Inaction, and the Love of his *Country* seem'd prior to every other Regard. To bestow hard Names on *Rebels*, and supinely to sigh at intestine War, he judg'd, was *unmanly* and imprudent. He had no Idea, that the Choice of *Liberty* or *Slavery* requir'd a Moment's Hesitation. Full of *Freedom* and *Glory*, he unbosom'd his Thoughts to the Colonel.—‘My dear Friend, *said this venerable but hearty old Gentleman*, I must love you the more for this.—Yes, my dear *Conyers*, go—fight for your Country, and *God Almighty* preserve and give you Victory!—Did my great Age permit, I would be your Companion, and share in the Danger.—I well remember, tho’ then a Boy, the Insolence of a *Popish Government*. I remember the *Seven Bishops* in the Tower.—The Swarms of *Friers* in *St. James’s Park*.—The Sham

‘ *Liberty of Conscience*, and a thousand
 ‘ other Enormities. — Young as I was, I
 ‘ follow’d my Father, and join’d the *Prince*
 ‘ of *Orange*. — I fought and bled for him
 ‘ and *Liberty* at the *Boyne*. — I fought for
 ‘ *Liberty* and KING *GEORGE* at *Dumblain*,
 ‘ and what Man, who has a Soul, and a
 ‘ Sense of our *invaluable Blessings*, but
 ‘ would venture, nay lay down his Life
 ‘ for *them*? — Now I am Old and Infirm,
 ‘ but my Heart is good,—indeed it is.’ —
 The poor Gentleman could proceed no far-
 ther, for Tears choak’d his Words. Mr.
Conyers was greatly affected, and said all
 in his Power to ease the *Colonel’s* Heart.—
 ‘ You must forgive, *said the Colonel*, the
 ‘ Weakness of an old Man.—I cannot help
 ‘ it.—But, when I think on Times past,—
 ‘ On the Danger our *Constitution* has, so
 ‘ often, been in, and the noble and suc-
 ‘ cessful Struggles we have made to defend
 ‘ it,—When I think on these Things, my
 ‘ *Pulse* forgets its Age, and beats as strong
 ‘ as in Youth. — *Good God!* — What is it
 ‘ we *want*! — Is there a *reasonable Bless-*
 ‘ *ing* that we do not, or may not enjoy!
 ‘ — Are we blind to our own *Happiness*,
 ‘ and can some, who call themselves *Pro-*
 ‘ *testants*, even think of a *Popish King* but
 ‘ with Horror? — Can we be so stupid as not

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‘ to see the *old*, the *stale Trick* of *France* ?
‘ And must some of us always fall into
‘ so weak a Project ? — Poor deluded Men !
‘ But thank God, we have still *Honour*
‘ and *Wisdom* sufficient to convince them
‘ of their Errors.’

‘ FROM my Soul I wish it, *reply'd* Mr.
‘ *Conyers*, neither have I the least Doubt. —
‘ For my Part, I am determined, and will
‘ immediately prepare for the *Field*.’ — ‘ I
‘ believe, *said the Colonel*, I can assist you.
‘ — Let me see — Ay — I have a *Tent*, and
‘ every Camp-Necessary, in good Order,
‘ for I frequently visit them to refresh my
‘ Memory. — These are your’s, with two
‘ excellent Baggage Horses, and a Baw-
‘ Man that understands his Business.’ —
‘ Dear Sir, *said Mr. Conyers*, you have made
‘ me quite happy. — I am already in the
‘ *Field*.’ — ‘ Softly, softly, *answer'd the*
‘ *Colonel*, perhaps I may do somewhat more.
‘ I would not have you go with *Irregulars*,
‘ for it will not be so Satisfactory. — A
‘ *Noble Duke* is about raising a *Regiment*
‘ of HORSE. He does me the Honour
‘ to rank me with his intimate Friends,
‘ and I will immediately send an Express,
‘ and write him such a Letter, that, per-
‘ haps, shall put you in a Light of Ho-
‘ nour,

nour, and enable you to be *really useful*.
 —Mr. Conyers return'd him many Thanks,
 and he was exact to his Promise.

WE must now, *said the Colonel*, think
 of engaging a few good Volunteers to
 accompany you to the Regiment, in case
 you succeed. — We must be busy, and
 go roundly to work. — In a few Days
 they fix'd on twenty young Fellows,
 mostly Sons of Tenants. — In a short Time
 the Colonel received a most polite and
 obliging Answer to his Letter. It con-
 cluded — “*From the great Character you*
 “*give Mr. Conyers, he cannot fail of be-*
 “*ing extremely agreeable. I am sorry I*
 “*have but a Lieutenancy to offer him.*
 “*Should this be accepted of, I beg an An-*
 “*swer by Express, and that he would joyn*
 “*the Regiment at ***** with all Speed,*
 “*with whatever good Men he can pick*
 “*up.*”

LIEUTENANT Conyers, *said the Colonel*,
 I most heartily wish you Joy. — Now
 indeed, Matters put on a better Face,
 and you are equipp'd as you ought to
 be. — But, Bustle, Bustle. — Take Leave
 of the good People at Home; make
 your Will, and — *To Horse and away.*

TAKING

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TAKING Leave, was a Task he could wish to be excus'd, but it was impossible. Mr. Sampson was struck Dumb at the News, but his good Wife lost all Patience. She could not comprehend the Necessity of his going in *Person*, when he might by *Deputy*. She quoted many Examples of Gentlemen, of Fortunes infinitely superior to his, who contented themselves with *paying a little Money*, and *drinking Success* to the Cause. — 'Yes, yes, my Dear, said her Husband, they must be special good Subjects, who are only warm in the Cause, by the Quantity of Liquor they drink. I violently suspect such Sort of People, and am not sorry to find my dear Brother of another Way of Thinking. I am only concern'd that such an unhappy Occasion should deprive us of his Company, and throw him into Danger; but I trust in God, he will return in Safety and with Victory.' — 'If he must go,' reply'd Mrs. Sampson, I pray God to protect and shield him.' — The Conversation became more familiar, and by degrees he persuaded them to excuse the Ceremony of Parting, which would give Pain, and make him miserable.

WITH

WITH all imaginable Diligence he prepar'd for his Departure. He sent forward twenty-three Recruits under the Care of two of his Tenants. He left a *Will* with *Doctor Grace*, and a Power with Mr. *Sampson* to receive his Rents, and remitted Five Hundred Pounds to the Agent of the Regiment, that he might draw on him as Occasions requir'd. He concerted Matters with the Colonel, and his Horses and Baggage filed off by Degrees to the next Town. He invited some Friends to dinner the next Day, which was *Sunday*, so the Family was sure of him for one Meal more. However, whilst they were at Church, the Colonel call'd in his Chariot and accompany'd him, where the Horses attended. The old Gentleman gave him a proper Letter to *his Grace*, and stay'd with him that Night. In the Morning he took a Soldier-like Farewell; saw him set out for the Regiment, and return'd in the Evening to give Mr. *Sampson* an Account of their Expedition.





C H A P. XI.

*Since great Examples justify Command,
Let glorious Acts, more glorious Acts in-
spire,
And catch, from Breast to Breast, the no-
ble Fire.*

POPE'S HOMER.

OUR Lieutenant soon arriv'd at the appointed Place, and found his Recruits in good Order. He was received with great Politeness, and presented with his *Commission*, and to all his Brother Officers. The Regiment was near compleat, and only waited the *General's* Orders, to March where the Service requir'd. He was extreamly pleas'd with this New Society, as he found the Officers were, not only Gentlemen of *Good Sense*, but of *considerable Fortunes*. He readily join'd, in every Ex-
pence, that was propos'd to make the Regiment live comfortably, and do Honour to the Cause.

In about three Weeks, he received a Letter from *Colonel Manly*, with some Books.

Books. This Letter is so concise, and so full of *good Instruction*, that I cannot avoid giving it a Place *verbatim*.

My very dear Friend,

I TAKE this first Opportunity of fulfilling my Promise, by laying before you, what my Age and Experience judge necessary for your well-doing.

You are a Man of *Property*, and now enlisted to fight the Cause of *Freedom*, and of *That MONARCH* who has ever supported it.—You are a *Soldier*. You are one of *those* on whom, under God, the *Life and Liberty* of this Nation depend.—Consider the *Dignity* of your Station.—Consider the *mighty Trust* reposed in you. Consider your-Self, and it is scarcely possible you will err in your Conduct.

I AM positive as to your *personal Courage*, for your Soul is *humane* and *tender*, and your Tongue is not a *Bragart*; but as your Behaviour in this new Scene of Life is what I am not so certain of, your Good-nature will excuse a little Advice, and attribute my *Trite Maxims*, more to the Warmth of my Friendship, than to any Occasion you may have for them.

To

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‘ To be an *Officer*, there is no Necessity
‘ of being inspired with supernatural Ta-
‘ lents. *Common-Sense*, and the *Deportment*
‘ of a Gentleman, are sufficient. The Know-
‘ ledge of your *Duty*, and the *Military Art*,
‘ will come with *Time* and *Experience*; but
‘ a close Application to the Study, is ne-
‘ cessary.

‘ THE Love of the Soldiers, is the Hap-
‘ piness of an *Officer*; and to gain that
‘ Love, the Method is short and easy.—
‘ Pay and punish where due, but never strike.
‘ —Be free with your Men, but suffer them
‘ not to be too free with you. An *haughty*,
‘ over-bearing Temper, may indeed inspire
‘ them with *Fear*, but never with *Affection*.
‘ Treat them as *Men*, and they will respect
‘ you as *their Officer*; but, at the same
‘ Time, be careful that the *Non-commission’d*
‘ Officers act in the same Manner, and sup-
‘ port their proper Authority, on which all
‘ *Duty* and *Submission* depends.

‘ ENDEAVOUR, as much as possible, to
‘ keep your Men *clean* and *decent*; it gives
‘ *Spirits*, and prevents *Drunkenness* and *De-*
‘ *bauchery*.—Drop in at their Meals, taste
‘ their *Victuals*, encourage them to keep
‘ good

‘ good Messes, and Reprove where you
 ‘ find them Remiss.

‘ BE assiduous to learn the *Exercise* of a
 ‘ Soldier, and keep your Men diligent at
 ‘ it, yet so, as not to fatigue them unneces-
 ‘ sarily. See that they punctually obey your
 ‘ Commands, but be not too rigorous in
 ‘ *trivial Matters*. Believe me, the Men
 ‘ soon find out the *Genius* of their Officers,
 ‘ and will never *impose* or play Tricks,
 ‘ when they know they cannot do it with
 ‘ *Impunity*.

‘ MAKE it a constant Rule, to Obey with
 ‘ *Alacrity* and *Cheerfulness*, every Order of
 ‘ your Superiors: Such a Conduct will add
 ‘ to your *Reputation*, and confirm your
 ‘ *Character*.

‘ SLANDER and *Scandal* sometimes infi-
 ‘ nueate themselves into Camps, and too
 ‘ frequently attack the most Deserving.
 ‘ Let me beg of you to turn the deaf Ear
 ‘ to *evil Report*, and not be speedily *preju-*
 ‘ *diced* against any Man, much less your
 ‘ Commanders.

‘ If an Officer need not have all the *Wis-*
 ‘ *dom* of a Privy-Counsellor, he ought, at
 ‘ least,

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‘ least, to have that Part that enjoins *Secrecy*.
‘ The *Spanish* Proverb is good:—*In a closed*
‘ *Mouth, no Flies enter*.—Execute your Or-
‘ ders in Silence, and let not the most *dis-*
‘ *tant Hint*, of the Conduct of the Army,
‘ escape from your *Lips* or your *Pen*.
‘ Should you know nothing particular, your
‘ Words must be mere Conjecture, and,
‘ in all Probability, quite wrong, Should
‘ a material Circumstance come to your
‘ Knowledge, what *Infamy* must follow,
‘ your disclosing it!

‘ COMPANY and *Chearfulness* are abso-
‘ lutely necessary, but to *drink* to *Excess* is
‘ inexcusable. The *Lives* of *Thousands* de-
‘ pend on the *Sobriety* of *Officers*.—How
‘ can a *Drunkard* guide Men truly, when
‘ his own *Legs* *mutiny*, and refuse his Com-
‘ mands?

‘ BE *charitable*; be *generous* according to
‘ your *Power*, but seldom give *Money* to a
‘ Soldier. When you think proper to *Re-*
‘ *ward* or *Encourage*, there are other Ways
‘ infinitely more useful to them.

‘ RISE early, and examine your Com-
‘ mand; keep them *reasonably* employ’d;
‘ and under the *strictest Discipline*; but let
‘ your

‘ your *own Example* keep Pace with your
 ‘ *Precepts*. Have all your Affairs in so nice
 ‘ and *exact* an Order, as to be always *ready*
 ‘ to March at a Moment’s Warning. All
 ‘ Men ought to accustom themselves to
 ‘ *Regularity*, but none requires it more than
 ‘ a *Soldier*.

‘ Your natural *good Temper* will prevent
 ‘ your giving *Offence* to any-One, and,
 ‘ perhaps, incline you to bear patiently
 ‘ *those* offered to you; but *have a Care*,
 ‘ and, let what will be the Consequence,
 ‘ permit no Man to *Taunt* or *Insult*.—
 ‘ Should the least Particle of *Contempt* fall
 ‘ on you, quit a Service, where you must
 ‘ do *more Harm* than *Good*.

‘ WITH regard to your *present Enemies*,
 ‘ hold them not *too cheap*.—Speak of them
 ‘ as Men;—as Men of an *unhappy Educa-*
 ‘ *tion*, led away by *false Maxims*, and pre-
 ‘ judiced to *erroneous Principles*:—They
 ‘ are, or ought to be, our *Brethren*.—Let
 ‘ your *Humanity* extend to them as far as
 ‘ *Safety* and *Prudence* will permit. If abso-
 ‘ lute and *fatal Necessity* compels you to
 ‘ strike, let the Sword fall from no other
 ‘ Motive but the *General Good*.—Let it be
 ‘ *effectual*, but *instant*.—In that unhappy
 ‘ Case,

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‘ Case, drive every *Womanish Weakness*
‘ from your Heart, and consider, that too
‘ much *Lenity* and *Tendernefs* may be Cru-
‘ elty to your Country. — The *Action*, or
‘ necessary Pursuit over, let *Clemency* and
‘ Compassion fill your Breast. — Shou’d
‘ you conquer, be all *Mildnefs* and *Charity*,
‘ — Comfort the Prisoner; assist the
‘ wretched Wounded; speak Peace to de-
‘ spairing Souls, and, if possible, shew
‘ them the Joys of *Freedom* and *Liberty*.

‘ BUT I have done, and discharged the
‘ Office annex’d to *Love* and *Friendship*.
‘ If my Hints are useless to you, perhaps
‘ you may know those to whom they may
‘ be of Service.

‘ I SEND you my old faithful Compa-
‘ nion *Monsieur de Feuquiere*. Read him
‘ carefully, for he is able to instruct. I
‘ likewise send you *Polibius*, with the An-
‘ notations of *Monsieur de Follard*.

‘ You find I am an *old Fellow* by my
‘ long winded Tale; but I shall appear
‘ more so, when you consider I end,
‘ (where I ought to have begun) by recom-
‘ mending to you, the Service of God,
‘ and Obedience to his Ordinances. A
‘ Righteous

' *Righteous and a Godly Life* is the best
 ' *Preparative for Death.* Tho' all ought,
 ' yet none should be more ready to obey
 ' *that Call* than a *Soldier.*—His *Life* is eve-
 ' ry Instant, in a *peculiar Manner*, at
 ' Stake.—Think on this frequently, and
 ' your Duty to *God* and *Man* will cer-
 ' tainly follow. — I resign you into his
 ' Hands, and most fervently pray him to
 ' crown your Cause with *Victory*, and to
 ' continue his *Mercy* to this Land to latest
 ' *Posterity.* I am, my dear Conyers,

Your very affectionate and

Very faithful Servant,

JOSIAH MANLY.

'MR. CONYERS was greatly pleas'd at
 the Sincerity and Goodness of the Colonel.
 He read his Letter many Times, and com-
 pared it with the Instructions of Mr. *Kindly*,
 with a determin'd Resolution of adhering
 to both, as far as he was able. He read
Feuquiere and *Polibius* with Pleasure, but
Monsieur de la Colonie, and the Maxims of
Turene, afforded equal Instruction and De-
 light.



CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

*Whither, Oh! whither do ye madly run,
The Sword unsheath'd, and impious War
begun?*

*What Land, what Wave of boundless Nep-
tunes Flood*

*Hath not been stain'd, alas! with British
Blood;*

*Not that the Rival to the British Fame
Proud France, might tremble at the British
Name,*

*Not that Iberia, tho' unskill'd in War,
In Chains should follow our triumphal Car;
But that Rome's Pontiff should his Vows
enjoy,*

And Britain, Suiside! herself destroy.

FRANCIS's 7th Epode of Horace, alter'd.

WHY should I take up the Time of
the Reader, by going minutely into
the Conduct of the *Rebels* or our own.
My Task is only relative to the private
Character of *Jack Connor*, or *Mr. Conyers*.
A *Lawyer* only speaks from his *Brief*, and
in all those Pages on which *this History* is

founded, I find little or no Traces of the Actions of the Times.— I own I met with a Paper, that I suppose serv'd as *Memo-randums* and Hints to Mr. Conyers. It was dated like a Journal, but gave me little Insight into Affairs. I find the Words — *They slipp'd by— We march'd to— Miss'd again— Slipp'd again— Men much barrass'd— Vastly obliged to London Subscription— The Inhabitants of * * * * * deserve Encouragement, but the City of * * * * * to be burnt. — Thank God we have got our Troops from Flanders. — The DUKE to command. — Our People in great Spirits. — Victory or Death. — Then follow'd in Capital Letters, CULLODEN 16th APRIL 1746. THEY WERE WEIGH'D IN THE BALLANCE, AND FOUND LIGHT.*

WHEN he consider'd the happy Consequences of the *Glorious Day*. — That *Freedom, Liberty, Religion*, and his Majesty's *August Family* were more firmly establish'd and confirmed to *Great-Britain*. — That a full Period was put to *Blood and Slaughter*, and to that *unnatural Monster, CIVIL WAR*, his Heart exulted, and his Joy was extream. — He very devoutly return'd his Acknowledgments to that *Providence*, which had so often and so signally preserved our in-
valuable

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valuable Privileges, and had protected him in the Midst of so many Dangers.

HE wrote a particular Account of this Battle to Mr. Sampson and Colonel Manly. He vastly extoll'd the Skill and Judgment of the General, and the Valour of the Troops. In his Letter to the Colonel, he has these remarkable Words.

“ I THINK I see all *England* in a Joy
“ next to *Madness*. All admire the
“ Conduct and Intrepidity of his Royal
“ Highness. They cannot now find
“ Words sufficient to express their Praises.
“ But of you, who know the National
“ Infirmary, give me leave to ask, *How*
“ long will this last? — Will they not
“ soon be equally eager to strip him of his
“ Laurels? — Will not *Envy*, *Malice*,
“ and *Disaffection* soon endeavour to
“ poison the Minds of the People, and
“ blast the Reputation of him, who
“ risk'd his own to preserve their *Lives*
“ and *Properties*? — I fear he must ex-
“ pect such Treatment. I doubt our
“ Gratitude, and most heartily wish, for
“ the Honour of the Kingdom, that I
“ may be deceived. — This *War*, and
“ the Danger of it, is over, consequent-
G 2 ly

“ly the *Instruments of Safety*, will soon
 “be sacrificed to the *Parsimony* of their
 “Purse, and every *disbanded Soldien* ex-
 “pos’d to the *Insults* of every Peasant.
 “—For my own Part, I so much ad-
 “mire the *Military Virtues* of my Lea-
 “der; he shall command my *Hand* and
 “my *Heart*, where-ever and as long as
 “he judges proper.”

HE greatly commiserated the unfortu-
 nate Prisoners, now subject to the *injured*
Laws of their Country. To avert the Pu-
 nishment due to such *Crimes*, was not in
 his Power; but to make them easy, and
 alleviate their Sorrows, was his daily Em-
 ployment.—He lay’d no Strefs on *Victory*,
 as it is an uncertain Determination of *Right*
 or *Wrong*; but he argued in the gentlest
 Terms, and endeavour’d to convince them,
 from *History*, *Reason*, and *Experience*, that
 their *Prejudices* were ill founded.—That,
 they were a *Dupe* to the Politicks of *France*,
 and acted like *Children* who disobey the
 best of *Parents*.—That, as Criminal as they
 were, *his Majesty* was cloathed with *Mercy*,
 and advised an immediate Application to
 his *Clemency*.—He shew’d them the Good-
 ness of the *late King* in 1715, and very
 judiciously referr’d them to the *Memoirs*
 of

of *Marchal Villars*, and many other *French Books*, for the opposite Conduct of *Lewis the Fourteenth* to his *Protestant Subjects* in the *Cevennes*, who had taken Arms merely to defend their Religion, not to dethrone their Monarch. — Such a Conduct made Mr. Conyers vastly beloved, and brought some, who were violent, to think with more Moderation. He greatly pity'd the poor Clans, as they were bred up in a blind and implicit Obedience to their Chiefs. He lamented those Gentlemen who acted from Conscience and Principle, but regarded those, as the most wicked of human Beings, whose only Motive was to fish in Troubled Waters.

Not content with this Sort of Behaviour, he endeavoured to remove our own Prejudices, and take off that Acrimony and Ill-nature, which some of us are too subject to. — He prov'd the Injustice and Cruelty of Branding a whole Kingdom, for the Faults of a Few. That, even those few were fall'n Brethren, and err'd in their Duty, but from their Zeal to mistaken Opinions. That, most of them deserv'd our Pity more than our Anger. That, so far from perpetuating Animosity, all Encouragement and Regard should be shewn to the Good,

and every Scheme set on Foot to convert the *Bad*.—Time and proper Management, would convince every Mortal, that, as a *Union of Minds* was our *reciprocal Interest*, so *Love and Friendship* would soon make us, the *affectionate Children of an indulgent Parent*.

HAPPY, thrice *Happy* should we be, if every Man reason'd like Mr. Conyers!—*Division and Envy*, and *Malice and Madness* would cease to *distract and confound* the real *Beauty and Harmony* of our most excellent *Constitution*.—Were our *Souls* cemented by *Love, Tendernefs and Charity*.—Did we take half the Pains to *assist*, as we do to *destroy* each other, what *Joys* would not this *Land* afford!—With what *Respect* would *Foreign Nations* behold us!—What *Terror* to our *Enemies*, and to the *Disturbers of Europe*!



C H A P. XIII.

*Quoth Hudibras, the Case is clear,
As thou hast prov'd it by their Practice,
No Argument like Matter of Fact is;
And we are best of all led to
Mens Principles by what they do.*

HUDIBRAS.

CERTAINLY it is almost Time to proceed to the personal Account of *Lieutenant Conyers*, but I must crave a little Indulgence for the following Chapter, and shall then follow him more closely.

AMONGST the Manuscripts so often mention'd, I found one, relative to the unhappy Subject of last Chapter. I suppose Mr. Conyers had seen some of the *Declarations* published by the Son of the Pretender, which induc'd him to form one, by way of *Parody*, and by taking off the *Mask*, shew the *Picture* in a full and just Light.—Whether this Piece was publish'd or not, I cannot learn, but to omit it, in this its proper Place, would be unpardon-

The HISTORY of
 able in a *Faithful Historian*, to which honourable Title I hope I have a Right.—
 The Paper runs thus:

‘ THE DECLARATION of ———

‘ By Command of our R——l F—— ;

‘ the Divine Permission of his Holiness

‘ the Pope ; the Assistance of his most

‘ Christian, and the good Wishes of

‘ his most Catholick Majesty, aided

‘ and supported by the Alms and

‘ Prayers of all true Sons of the

‘ Church, we send this our Declaration

‘ to the People of *England*, Greeting.

‘ You must be all convinced, that the

‘ unhappy Fate of our Grand Father *King*

‘ *James* the Second, (of Glorious and Pious

‘ Memory) was owing to the *Infidelity* and

‘ *Cowardice* of his Fleets and Armies.

‘ As your *Cowardice* and *Infidelity* were

‘ the Ruin and Subversion of our august

‘ House, we trust, that the same Princi-

‘ ples are capable of *Restoring* us to the

‘ Throne of our Ancestors.

‘ To

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‘ To obviate every Difficulty to these
‘ our just and laudable Purposes, we shall,
‘ by the Authority aforesaid, convince this
‘ Nation, that our Rule will be salutary,
‘ and extend to the Happiness of every
‘ Individual.’

‘ THE *Riot* and *Habeas Corpus Acts*, are
‘ equally dangerous, and shall, with the
‘ Advice of Friends, be abrogated or sus-
‘ pended, until a Regulation can be made,
‘ and the *Holy Inquisition* introduced into
‘ the Kingdom.’

‘ As the Grand and Petty Juries are
‘ the greatest Evils of Civil Government,
‘ they shall be abolished, and the Judges
‘ whom we shall think proper to appoint,
‘ shall finally hear and determine all cri-
‘ minal Causes.’

‘ PROCESSES in Civil Affairs are most
‘ shamefully and abominably abus’d. The
‘ Decision of *Property*, as now manag’d,
‘ is a Matter that greatly affects our hu-
‘ mane Heart, and until a proper Method
‘ can be fix’d on for abridging the Laws,
‘ we shall take the contested *Lands* or
‘ *Property*, into our Care and Guardian-
‘ ship.’

‘ THE Insufficiency of the *Statute* and
 ‘ *Common Law* of *England*, absolutely re-
 ‘ quire an explaining and a *Dispensing*
 ‘ Power. We shall therefore, once more,
 ‘ establish a *Star Chamber Court* in its ful-
 ‘ lest Extent.’

‘ THE many Evils arising from Clan-
 ‘ destine Marriages is a Scandal to the
 ‘ Nation, and Ruin to many Thousand
 ‘ Families. To remedy which we shall
 ‘ immediately erect a *Court of Wards*, as
 ‘ in the Days of our illustrious Ancestors.’

‘ THE Education of Youth is a Matter
 ‘ of the highest Importance. Our Vigi-
 ‘ lance shall watch over those mighty Se-
 ‘ minaries *Oxford* and *Cambridge*. Their
 ‘ Learning is too cramp’t and confin’d,
 ‘ but by the Assistance of *Mandamuses*, we
 ‘ shall throw in such Fellow Labourers
 ‘ from the *Sorbonne*, and *St. Omers*, as will
 ‘ soon inculcate our grand Design.’

‘ LIBERTY is the greatest Blessing Man
 ‘ can enjoy, but the Abuse of that Li-
 ‘ berty, the greatest Curse. To avoid the
 ‘ latter, and yet keep strictly to the for-
 ‘ mer, it is our sincere and determin’d
 ‘ Resolution, to indulge every Man in the
 ‘ peaceable

‘ peaceable and quiet Liberty of THINK-
 ‘ ING. Nevertheless, tho’ we would shew
 ‘ our great Moderation and Lenity, our
 ‘ true Intent and Meaning is, That should
 ‘ any Person presume to do more than
 ‘ merely THINK, he shall not only incur
 ‘ our highest Displeasure, but be deliver-
 ‘ ed to the *Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction*, over
 ‘ whom we do not pretend to have any
 ‘ Power, consequently the Door of our
 ‘ natural Clemency will be shut against
 ‘ him.’

‘ FROM our unbounded Charity to weak
 ‘ and tender Minds, and in Imitation of
 ‘ our illustrious Grandfather, (of blessed
 ‘ Memory) it is our firm Resolution to
 ‘ grant a *plenary Indulgence* and full *Liberty*
 ‘ of *Conscience* to all Sects and Religions
 ‘ whatsoever; that they shall exercise and
 ‘ enjoy all their respective Rites and Ce-
 ‘ remonies in the amplest Manner, until
 ‘ the *true and infallible Church* has taken
 ‘ Root and spread its Branches, *but no*
 ‘ *longer.*’

‘ THE Liberty of the Press is an Abo-
 ‘ mination in the Sight of God and Man.
 ‘ Such Power in the Hands of Unbelievers
 ‘ and *Hereticks*, gave Rise to vile Writings

' and Infinity of Blasphemies against the
 ' most Highest; nay, it has dar'd to open
 ' its Mouth against the *Majesty of Kings*;
 ' — To contemn and make odious that
 ' great Bulwark of Monarchy, The anti-
 ' ent System of *Divine, Hereditary* and
 ' *indefeisible Right* of Princes and Poten-
 ' tates; — To stir up the Rabble against
 ' that mild and peaceable Doctrine of
 ' *Non-Resistance* and *Passive Obedience*; —
 ' To undermine all the Ordinances of our
 ' Holy Mother Church; — To reproach us
 ' with *Idelatry*, Cruelty and Superstition,
 ' and above all, it has been so wicked, to
 ' set before the Vulgar and Ignorant, the
 ' whole Works of the *Prophets* and *Apo-*
 ' *stles*, without the Aid of *Hebrew* or
 ' *Greek*, to the great Discouragement of
 ' Learning, and Increase of Impiety. —
 ' From a thorough Conviction of such
 ' horrid Practices, we shall, in due Time,
 ' Commission Thirty of our most able
 ' Ecclesiasticks to read and examine all
 ' Manuscripts, and Licence such only to
 ' be printed, which they shall judge for
 ' the Honour of God, or *our own Benefit*.

' As no true Son of the Church can
 ' with Patience hear of the Havock and
 ' Devastation the House of Tudor made
 ' of

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‘ of her Lands and Revenues, nor of the
‘ many Robberies and Impieties commit-
‘ ted in those barbarous Times against
‘ the *Holy See*, and the cloister’d Saints
‘ whom God had so plentifully scatter’d
‘ over the Land, our Pious Intention is,
‘ so soon as Affairs will permit, to re-
‘ instate our *Holy Mother Church* into those
‘ Lands and Revenues, granted her by the
‘ Charity of good Christians.—By the Ac-
‘ count furnish’d us by our Holy Father,
‘ it is with the greatest Joy we find, that
‘ we shall be enabled to present to the
‘ Labourers in the Vineyard of God, a
‘ comfortable and reasonable Subsistence,
‘ tho’ it but a little exceeds *Two Thirds*
‘ of the Lands of the Kingdom.

— ‘ In fine, Let us conjure you by the
‘ Duty you owe God’s Hereditary Vice-
‘ gerent: By the Love of Peace and
‘ Tranquility, and by the Honour of our
‘ supreme and infallible Judge, to hear
‘ and consider, these, our real and sincere
‘ Purposes, stripp’d of any the least Dis-
‘ guise.—Consider our Situation—Regard
‘ our Sword! —Consider, That the most
‘ Christian King is our Support; the most
‘ Catholick, our Helper; and those in the
‘ Mountains, Asserters of our Right. —

‘ Let

' Let therefore, no *unsanctify'd Bishop* preach
 ' you from your Duty, but remember
 ' the Happiness, the mighty Happiness
 ' we intend to bestow upon you, and be
 ' assured on the Faith of a Family who
 ' *never forfeited their Word.*—On the Faith
 ' of a Family, whose *Virtues* and *Hexpicks*
 ' Deeds are so fully recorded in your
 ' Histories, that we shall, not only strict-
 ' ly perform the several Articles in this our
 ' gracious Declaration, but shall take all
 ' Occasions, and watch all Opportunities
 ' of leading you more and more to a
 ' State of Perfection here on Earth, and
 ' to a State of everlasting Bliss in the
 ' World to come. Given at ———





CHAP. XIV.

*Now, by the Foot, the flying Foot were
slain;*

*Horse, trod by Horse, lay foaming on the
Plain.*

*From the dry Fields, thick Clouds of Dust
arise,*

*Shade the black Host, and intercept the
Skies;*

*The brass-hoof'd Steeds tumultuous plunge
and bound,*

*And the thick Thunder beats the lab'ring
Ground.*

POPE's Homer.

DOMESTICK Peace was once more
established, and the late confus'd and
distracted Kingdom, now, more sensibly
felt the Joys of publick Tranquility.

THE War with France still rag'd in Flan-
ders, and requir'd the Presence of those
Troops, which a Rebellion had compell'd
to withdraw from their Allies, and the ne-
cessary Orders were dispatch'd for embark-
ing sundry Corps. Mr. Conyers was pre-
sented

sented to a Troop of Dragoons under these Orders. He now equipt himself in a much better Manner, and was so employ'd, that he had not Time to visit his Friends; but contented himself with tender Letters to Mr. *Sampson*, Colonel *Manly*, and Doctor *Grace*.—When the Regiments were compleated, the final Orders were given, and Captain *Conyers* attended his Duty.

HE certainly observed a profound Silence on the Military Operations, for I only found some Orderly Books, written in his own Hand, which, undoubtedly, every Officer ought to do.

FOR the Marches and Encampments of the Army, I must refer to the Gazettes of the Times.—As I ever consult the Ease of my Reader, he will not condemn my Silence, when he considers I have no Lights to guide either Him or Myself into Affairs so much above our Knowledge.—However, I must follow the Glimmerings I have, and pursue him through his Variety of Marches and foraging Parties, till I find him encamp'd near *Maestricht*. I must attend him in crossing the *Maese* with the Army, and encamping in the Vicinity of the *French*, but, even to the Night before the last Battle,

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tle, I have nothing particular to mention. — This Night, indeed, an Affair happened, which makes so material a Part of this History, that compels a Recital, tho' with my usual Brevity.

THE Captain had been order'd, with Detachments from other Regiments, on a Command to *Venlo*, for Forage. Disputes frequently happen on these Occasions, which the Commanding Officer must be extreamly careful to prevent. — By an Officer's insisting to be serv'd out of his Tour, a Quarrel began: The Clamour was great; but the Captain running to the Spot, exerted his Authority, and directed the Forage in the proper Channel. The Officer, whose Name was *Thornton*, and a Lieutenant of Dragoons, was much out of Humour, and dropt some Words, as much as to say, — Captain *Conyers* would not be always at the Head of a Command!

THE Foraging being over, they return'd to *Maestricht*, where the Captain found an Order, from the Adjutant-General, to join the Army as speedily as possible, after the Men and Horses were refresh'd. He communicated this Order to the Officers of the Party, and directed them to join at the Port,
precisely

precisely at Two o'Clock in the Morning. These Orders were given to the Men, and he invited the Officers to sup with him at the *Helmet*, and Lieutenant *Thornton* was of the Party. This Gentleman was younger than Captain *Conyers*, but in his Size, and many other Respects, extreamly resembled him. He had a very good Character in the Army, but was too apt to imagine an Affront, where none was intended. As he was well lik'd for many good Qualities, this Fault was imputed to his Youth, and Want of Experience.

LIEUTENANT *Thomas* was likewise of the Company. He was an elderly, rough Sort of a Man, who, from a low Station, had, by Accident, arriv'd to this Rank. He was educated, and took his Degrees, in a *Stable*, and, forgetful of the *Title* he was honour'd with by *his Majesty's* Commission, swore and talk'd as if still a Dragoon.— This Gentleman began the Affair of the Forage, and seem'd to think that Lieutenant *Thornton* had been injur'd.— ‘By the L—d, said he, if any Man had serv'd me so, I'd have shewn him the *Difference*.’— ‘Sir, reply'd Mr. *Thornton*, I know as well any Man, when I am ill used, and shall take a proper Time to explain myself.’
—Sir,

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‘—Sir, *said the Captain*, who began to be warm, I don’t know the Meaning of all this; but should you imagine any ill Treatment, I beg you will shew the Manner, and you shall find me vastly ready to give you every Satisfaction in my Power.’—‘Spoke, *cry’d Thomas*, like a Gentleman, and a Man of Honour.’—‘Sir, *said Thornton*, since I must speak, I must tell you, I am a Gentleman of Family and Fortune, perhaps, superior to yourself! You insulted me at *Venlo*; you stopt my Men in their Duty, in a rude and uncivil Manner. This, Sir, may injure my Character and Honour, and calls for immediate Satisfaction.’——‘That’s right, *said Thomas*, the present Time is always the best, therefore, my Advice is, to take a cool Turn on the *Parade*, and decide the Matter like *Friends* and Men of Honour.’—*Thornton* rose up, as did *Captain Conyers*.—The rest of the Company interpos’d, and, contrary to all *Mr. Thomas’s* Arguments, oblig’d them to sit down in Peace.

THE young Lieutenant was on fire, and the Captain almost as hot; but a little Reflection brought him to his Reason.—‘Gentlemen, *said the Captain*, I am sorry for
this

this Affair, and believe I can convince Mr. Thornton of a mistaken *Point of Honour*.—
‘By the L—d, *said Thomas*, your only best
‘Way, is, by the Point of the Sword.’—
Sir!—*said the Captain, with a strong Em-*
phasis, Did I affront you, too?—‘No, Sir,
‘*said Thomas*, not me.’—‘Then, Sir, *re-*
ply’d the other, let me advise you, as you
‘regard your Commission, or your Safety,
‘no more to interfere in our Disputes.’—
Thomas bit his Lips, but prudently held his
Tongue.—Conyers turn’d to Mr. Thornton,
and said,—‘You have desir’d Satisfaction,
‘Sir, and it is my Duty to give it, but
‘permit me first to say, I think you began
‘at the wrong End. What Satisfaction
‘could my *Life* have afforded you, or your
‘*Death* have given me, your Family or
‘Friends?—I hope we have had Time to
‘reflect on the Consequences of too preci-
‘pitate a Resolution.’—‘Sir, *reply’d Thorn-*
ton, the Honour of an Officer is a tender
‘Point.’—‘I confess it, *said the Captain*,
‘and therefore ought to be tenderly used.
‘—No Satisfaction, Sir, can equal a Con-
‘viction of being in an Error.—Here, Sir,
‘are the Orders I received, and submit to
‘the Gentlemen present, if I exceeded
‘them, or shew’d the least Partiality.’—
The Company agreed, that he could not
avoid

avoid acting as he did; *and he proceeded:—*

‘ As to your Family and Fortune, they are,
‘ in this Case, quite out of the Question.
‘ I own, Sir, I was in an Hurry to prevent
‘ a Dispute; but if any Expressions of
‘ Rudeness or Incivility escap’d from me,
‘ I am sorry for it, and before these Gen-
‘ tlemen, most heartily ask your Pardon.
‘ This, Sir, I hope, is the *rational* and just
‘ *Satisfaction* one Gentleman ought to ask
‘ of another; if *more* is requir’d, I must
‘ comply, tho’ with Reluctance.

ALL the Company, except *Lieutenant*
Thomas, who was asleep, cry’d out,—*No*
Gentleman can desire more, and greatly prais’d
Captain Conyers.—*Mr. Thornton* confess’d
his Error, excus’d himself for his Rashness,
and begg’d that no more might be said
about it.—The *Captain*, affectionately em-
bracing him, wish’d for an Opportunity of
shewing his Regard and Friendship.—

‘ What Pity it is, *said he*, that *trivial* and
‘ *insignificant* Words should raise our An-
‘ ger, to the Destruction of our *Peace* and
‘ *Happiness*, and that Incendiaries are not
‘ more severely punish’d.—Had not this
‘ good Company been more prudent than
‘ *Two of us*, and honefter than a *Third*,
‘ *One* might, by this Time, have slept
‘ with

with his Fathers, and perhaps both. —
 But, come Gentlemen, let us prepare for
 Duty where *real Honour* Calls. Let us
 fight with the *common Enemy*, but never
 amongst ourselves. — One Bottle more
 and then — And then, *said Mr. Thornton*,
have at the French! — They finish'd
 two Bottles with great Harmony, and of-
 ten drank Success to the Duke, and, pre-
 cisely at the Time appointed, march'd out
 of *Maestricht*, and soon arrived at the
 Camp.

This proved a very *busy Day*, and made
 the small Village of *LAWFELD* Famous. —
 Those who desire an Account of the Battle,
 must not apply to me, for my whole At-
 tention is taken up with Capt. *Canyers*. —
 When our *Dragoons* were order'd to
 Charge, the *Captain* did singular Service.
 He rescued his Major, and a Lieutenant-
 Colonel of another Regiment. — He stopp'd
 several Parties who were driving to their
 Ruin, and directed them where to turn
 their Swords. — His *Head* and his *Hands*
 were at Work, and, in short, as the *French*
Memoir Writers phrase it, *He perform'd*
Prodigies of Valour. — In the Midst of this,
 he saw Lieutenant *Thornton*, with the great-
 est Bravery, waging unequal War, for he
 was

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was surrounded by three Cavaliers.—In an Instant, he flew to his Relief, and effectually took Care of one. By this Time Mr. *Thornton* was wounded in many Places, and on the Ground. The *Captain* received a violent Blow on his Head, and two Wounds on his left Shoulder. His Horse was shot, but he manfully defended the Body of his Friend on Foot. Finding the Foe encreas'd, he desir'd *Quarters*, and resign'd his Sword to an Officer who had just come up.—At first he imagin'd Mr. *Thornton* was kill'd; but observing some Signs of Life, he persuaded some of the *French* to carry him to a Place of Safety, and was conducted along with him by the Officer, who was a Gentleman of great Humanity. All possible Care was taken of both; and, the Action over, they were sent to the *Tongres* with other Prisoners.

THE Gentleman to whom he had surrender'd, was the *Marquis de Brissac*, Colonel of a Regiment of Dragoons. His Politeness and good Manners, corresponded with his Quality. He daily visited the Captain, and procur'd him and Mr. *Thornton* every Necessary.—The Lieutenant had been severely treated, having no less than seven Wounds in the Head, Shoulders, and Body.

Body. Two of them were dangerous, but his Youth and good Constitution surmounted the Difficulty. In three Weeks the Surgeons declar'd him in a fair Way of Recovery ; but it would require great Time.

THE *Marquis* was extreamly pleas'd, and express'd himself very genteely on the Occasion. He assur'd him, that assisting two such valiant Gentlemen was the highest Proof of his good Fortune. — ' Tho' I was
' not, *said he*, a Witness of your Bravery,
' I am sure it must have been great, but
' the Courage of the *Captain* in defending
' you, is what I shall ever esteem and ad-
' mire him for. To his Valour you really
' owe your Life, more than to my En-
' deavours to save it.'

As our two Prisoners recover'd their Strength, the *Marquis* introduced them to the *Duke D'Ayen*, with other Officers of Family and Distinction, and every Politeness and Respect was paid them.—They had now their own Servants and Necessaries, and a Credit for Money. In two Months *Capt. Conyers* was in good Health, but his Left Arm was useless. He got Permission, on his Parole, to go to his Regiment, but
promis'd

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promis'd his Friend to return soon, and, if possible, go with him to *Aix-la-Chapelle*, which was necessary for both.

CAPTAIN Conyers was received with the greatest Joy by his Corps, and highly honour'd by his Superiors. He spoke of Mr. *Thornton* in so noble a Manner, that the DUKE gave him a Troop of Dragoons, and Permission to both, to go to *Aix*, or where they thought proper, to establish their Health. Capt. *Thornton* was extreamly sensible of the Bounty and Goodness of his Royal Highness, and affectionately embracing Conyers, called him his *Father*, *Brother*, and *Preserver*, and vow'd a perpetual Friendship. Capt. Conyers was not behind Hand, and promis'd to attend him, and, if possible, never to part.

As soon as Capt. *Thornton* was able to travel, the Friends took their Leave of the *Marquis de Brissac*, the *Duke d'Ayen*, and others, in the politest Terms, and testify'd their Gratitude for all the Civilities receiv'd. Capt. *Thornton* could not think of going to *Aix* till he had paid his Duty to the *Duke*, and kiss'd that Hand which had so nobly rewarded his little Services. He met with
H a

a most gracious Reception, and in a few Days left the Camp.

CAPT. *Thornton* was the Second Son of Sir Roger *Thornton*, a Gentleman of large Fortune in *Ireland* and in *Essex*, and a Member of the House of Commons. He was about Twenty-four Years of Age, spoke *French* and *Italian* perfectly well, and understood *Drawing* and those Branches of the Mathematicks, so necessary to every Officer who chooses to distinguish himself. Sir Roger allow'd him Three Hundred Pounds a Year, but on this Occasion he very liberally supply'd him. He wrote Capt. *Conyers* a most obliging Letter, for his Son had inform'd him of the Obligations he lay under. The young Captain received many Letters from his Uncle the *Earl of Mountworth*, in which Mr. *Conyers* was always honourably mention'd,

CAPT. *Thornton* recover'd very slowly, and Capt. *Conyers's* Arm prov'd much worse than was at first imagin'd. They stay'd a long Time at *Aix-la-Chapelle* and *Spa*, and were determin'd to go to *England*; but the Peace being just sign'd, they chang'd their Resolution, and set out for *France*.

CHAP. XV.

*Of all the Virtues, Justice is the best;
Valour, without it, is a common Pest:
Pirates and Thieves, too oft with Courage
grac'd,
Shew us how ill That Virtue may be plac'd:
'Tis our Completion makes us chaste or
brave;
Justice from Reason, and from Heav'n we
have:
All other Virtues dwell but in the Blood;
That in the Soul, and gives the Name of
Good.*

WALLER.

ON their Arrival at *Paris*, they hir'd very grand Apartments in the best *Hotel*. In a few Days they were prepar'd to visit the *Marquis de Brissac* and the *Duke d'Ayen*, who received them with Mark of the greatest Respect and Esteem. They were visited in Return, and soon made acquainted with the Families of the First Distinction. The *Marquis* recommended the ablest Surgeon,

and they went on very successfully under his Care.

THEY had been about a Month at *Paris*, when one Day Capt. *Conyers* took it into his Head to dress himself as formerly, and dine at the *old Ordinary*. The People of the House immediately recollected him, and were much rejoic'd at his Return. — It seems *Paris* had greatly miss'd the *English Guineas* that so plentifully roll'd about before the War, and now promis'd themselves that *my Lord Anglais* would soon pay the Expence of all their *Fireworks* and *Illuminations*. — He found none of his former Acquaintances at Table; but after Dinner he begg'd the good Woman would accept of a Pot of Coffee, and enquired after them.

‘*MONSIEUR Maquereau*, said she, had very bad Fortune at *Play*, and was so reduc'd, that for some Time he liv'd on the Women of the Town, but at last he got *Religion* into his Head, and went into *La Trappe* — The *Chevalier Fanfaron* was very unlucky, for about a Year ago he died of his Wounds.’ — ‘I suppose, said *Conyers*, that the *Chevalier* had an Affair of Honour, and fell by it.’ — ‘All I know,

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‘I know, said the Landlady, is, the Chevalier kill’d a Gentleman one Night on Pont-Neuf, and was so unfortunate as to be taken and broke Alive on the Wheel, at the Greve.’ — ‘So much for the Chevalier, said the Captain, but you don’t tell me a Word of my good Friend Monsieur Pensè. I hope no Accident has happen’d to him.’ — ‘Ah poor Gentleman! said she. Indeed he is greatly to be pity’d. ’Tis now just two Years since the Archers got into his Lodgings, took him out of Bed, seiz’d all his Papers and Effects, and carry’d him to the Bastile. God knows if he be dead or alive. Somebody said he was a Spy for the English, and so the poor good Man was ruin’d.’

THE Captain enquir’d for no more, but finish’d the Coffee, thank’d the good Woman, and went in a Hurry to his Lodgings. He was vastly mov’d at the Fate of Pensè, and determin’d to try his Interest to save him, if it was not too late. — He soon dress’d, and follow’d Captain Thornton to the Marquis’s, where he had din’d. The Company were inform’d of the Morning dishabille, and imputed it, and his long Stay, to some Affair of Gallantry,

on which he was heartily rally'd. He rally'd in his Turn, and the Conversation fell into the usual Channel. — The *Duke d'Ayen* came in soon after, and in a little Time the whole Company went to the Opera.

CAPTAIN *Conyers* took Care to place himself next to the *Duke*, and at last found an Opportunity of mentioning the Case of *Penfè*. He concluded with assuring his Lordship, that he held the Office of a *Spy* in the utmost Contempt: 'But, *said he*, 'this unhappy Man has formerly render'd 'me more Services than I can ever repay, 'therefore I hope your Lordship will consider the Gratitude I owe, and grant a 'Favour to me, not to him.' — 'I protest, 'said the *Duke*, I never heard of this 'Man, but all in my Power you may 'command. I shall speak to my Father, ' (*Marshal Noailles*) and Interest myself 'to the utmost. Should I succeed, you 'shall soon hear of it, but my *Silence* will 'convince you of the Impossibility.'

CONYERS pass'd four Days in great Anxiety, but the fifth he had a Visit from the *Duke*, who, after some Conversation, told him, his Friend was alive. — 'Then
H
' my

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‘my Lord, *said the Captain*, so am I.
 ‘This is a great Point gain’d, but I hope
 ‘more remains.’ — ‘Yes, *reply’d the Duke*,
 ‘I will not keep you longer in Suspense.
 ‘The *Marshal*, with some Difficulty, un-
 ‘dertook the Cause, and I have brought
 ‘you an Order to the *Governour*, to de-
 ‘liver Mr. *Pensè* and all his Effects into
 ‘your Hands, but with this Injunction,
 ‘that he quits *Paris* in twenty-four Hours,
 ‘and *France* in a Week.’ — The Captain
 took the Order, and most heartily thank’d
 the Duke. — ‘I know not, *said this No-*
 ‘*bleman*, how *Pensè* escap’d, for he has
 ‘been a most notorious Offender, but his
 ‘Art was great, and by little Discoveries
 ‘protracted his Time so long, that I be-
 ‘lieve, at last, they were asham’d to hang
 ‘him. — But I see you are impatient to be
 ‘the Messenger of good News, and shall
 ‘only add, that I expect you To-morrow
 ‘at Dinner.’ — He was in the highest De-
 light, and immediately drove to the *Bas-*
tile, accompany’d by Captain *Tharnton*.

THE proper Compliments being paid to
 the Governour, the Captain mention’d Mr.
Pensè, but was answer’d civilly, tho’ in a
 cold unsatisfactory Manner. — ‘Sir, *said*
 ‘*the Captain*, I believe I have a Paper in

‘ my Hand, that will convince you I am
 ‘ not here to ask impertinent Questions.’—
 When the Governour had read and carefully examin’d the *Order*, he behav’d quite in another Manner, and directed a Servant to call Mr. *Pensè* to him.—He spoke much of the poor Man, but seem’d to hint, that all Things consider’d, he had surprising good Fortune.—*Pensè* was conducted into the Chamber, but his Countenance was so chang’d, that his Friend scarcely knew him.—He bow’d and trembled.—A small Silence interven’d, but, fixing his Eyes intently on Captain *Conyers*, and, at last, crediting their Evidence, he cry’d out—*It is he*, and flew to his Arms. He hung on his Neck. He had not Words to testify his Amazement. He clasp’d him, and was in an Agony of Joy, till Tears moderated the Excess. He sobb’d, and ask’d broken Questions, every Moment embracing his Friend.—The Scene was very moving, nor could the *Captains* refrain the manly honest Tribute of a Tear.

THE Governour told Mr. *Pensè* that he was at Liberty to go with the Gentlemen. That his Papers were sealed up, as was the Value of his Effects in a Box, which he

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he might take with him, but gave him the Orders about quitting the Kingdom.—Mr. *Pensè* made many Compliments, but seem'd to wish he was out of the Walls, which half an Hour saw done, and the Captain conducted him to his Lodgings.

As his Time was to be short in *Paris*, they abridg'd a thousand Questions to each other, and reserv'd them for a more favourable Opportunity, only the Captain mention'd the Situation he was in, as to Rank and Fortune, which gave the old Man a most sensible Pleasure.—They now examin'd his *Finances*, and found he had a Remainder of Six hundred Pounds *Sterling*. They debated on the Application of the Money, but found that the mere Interest would by no Means afford him a decent Maintenance. — ‘My dear Friend,’ said *Pensè*, let me settle this Affair.— ‘Take the Money and allow me what you think proper, by way of Pension, during my Life.’ — Be it so, reply'd the Captain, and immediately drew up a little Instrument, and gave him a Letter to his Banker in *London*, to honour his Bills for *Twenty Five Pounds every three Months*. — Poor *Pensè* once more shed Tears, and

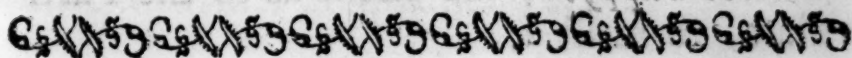
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could only add—*You are too good, and I am too happy.*

MANY Towns were proposed for his Residence, for to *England* he could not safely go, and the Captain fix'd on *Brussels* as a cheap and agreeable Place. Matters being thus adjusted, they pass'd the Remainder of the Day to their mutual Satisfaction, and next Morning *Pensè* bid Adieu to his faithful Friend, and took the Coach to *Lisle*, but not before the Captain had obliged him to accept of *Forty Pieces*.

PERHAPS I ought to extol the Good-nature of Capt. *Conyers*:—To paint his Friendship in the brightest Colours, and shew the Amiability and Self-Satisfaction of a grateful Heart.—By so doing, should I not deprive my Reader of the Pleasure of doing it himself?—When I consult my own Ease, 'tis only with a View of indulging his Judgment.





CHAP. XVI.

— *His curdling Blood forget to glide;
Confusion on his fainting Vitals hung,
And fault'ring Accents flutter'd on his Tongue.*

CAPT. Thornton was not yet quite cured; for his Wounds, by some little Irregularities, had frequently open'd. Capt. Conyers was perfectly recover'd; and as his Regiment had been for some Time in England, he began to consider that his Duty requir'd his Presence. Whilst he was preparing to attend it, he received a Letter that gave him Pain and Pleasure. In short, the Regiment was broke. He was now his own Master, and determin'd to stay with his Friend till he was quite fit to travel.

THEY pass'd their Time in *Paris* in the most agreeable Manner, and were much respected by the Ladies. I find a few Hints that persuade me, they were not

without Amusements of a delicate Nature; but as the Papers are silent as to the Particulars, so must I.

It happen'd that Capt. *Magrath* of Lord *Clare's* Regiment, had lately taken Apartments in the same *Hotel*. This Gentleman thought it his Duty to pay his Respects to the two *English* Officers, and made them a very civil Visit. They received him in a polite Manner, and in an Hour's Conversation found out his *Rank* and his Character. He was of a lively Soldier-like Disposition, and very communicative. His Father had quitted *Ireland*, and follow'd the Fortune of *King James the Second*. He was born in *France*, but spoke *English* with a prodigious *Irish* Accent, tho' he had never been in that Kingdom. He told them of the vast Estate his Father lost in *Ireland*, and how near he was, the other Day, of recovering it. He spoke of the War in *Germany* and in *Flanders*, and gave them a History of his own Exploits. He mention'd the Valour of the *Irish*, and without considering the *French Policy*, seem'd to glory in their being sent foremost on the most desperate Attacks. — His Conversation, and the Oddity of his Language, was agreeable

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agreeable enough, and made our Friends
desire a further Acquaintance.

IN a few Days he invited them to a
genteel Supper, with two other Officers of
the *Irish Brigade*. The Chat turn'd on War,
and Capt. *Magrath* spoke very eloquently
on *Sieges* and *Battles*, for he could really
speak on little else.—One of the Officers,
in a laughing Way, mention'd something
of an unfortunate Expedition into *Spain*,
which oblig'd the Captain to enlarge upon
it.—‘Gentlemen, *said he*, I must tell
‘you my fatal Story.—You must know,
‘that my Father’s Brother, that is, my
‘Uncle by the *Father’s Side*, was a Mer-
‘chant at *Cadiz*. He was as rich as a
‘thousand *Jewes*, and always promis’d to
‘make me his *Son and Heir*, but—the Devil
‘fire all Priests!—About seventeen or
‘eighteen Years ago, a Son of a Whore,
‘one *Father Kelly*, came over from *Ireland*,
‘and brought his Sister with him. She
‘was the Widow of one *Squire Connor*, and
‘young and handsome enough.—What
‘will you have of it, but my foolish
‘Uncle got acquainted with this *Father*
‘*Kelly* and his Sister, and by my own
‘*Sowle* he married her.—To be sure I
‘wrote to my Uncle, and *towld* him what

'a *Fool* he was, and what a *Rogue* he was
 'to cheat a Gentleman *like me*, and his
 'own *Flesh and Blood*. The old Fellow
 'was very faucy, and by my own *Sowle* I
 'had a great Mind to go to *Spain* and
 'beat his Coat.— Well, Gentlemen, about
 'two Years ago I got a Letter from a
 'Friend at *Cadiz*, that my Uncle was
 'growing sickly; so I took Post, think-
 'ing to make it up with him, but by my
 'Sowle I was late, for the old Teef hid
 'himself under Ground.— Now, will you
 'believe it? The Devil take me, and I
 'swear by him that made me, if the old
 'Rogue left me a *Grey Great*.— I spoke to
 'Madam my Aunt, and towld her of my
 'Journey, and my great Expences, and of
 'the Wrong she did me, and the like,
 'and only begg'd her to let us fairly di-
 'vide the Money betwixt us. The Lady
 'began to laugh, but said, she had some
 'Commiseration on me, and made some
 'fine Speeches, but the Devil a Farthing
 'would she give but *four hundred Pistoles*.
 'I took the Money, and giving her a
 'heartly Curse, wish'd her and her *thirty*
 '*thousand Pound* at Hell, — 'You had
 'hard Fortune, indeed, said Capt. Thornton,
 'but perhaps she may make you Amends
 'some Time or other.' — 'Sir, reply'd
 'Magrath,

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Magragh, I shall never trouble her *no more*.
I am now a Captain in the *first best* Regiment in *Europe*; I have the *Cross* of *St. Lewis*, which the King gave me, because I would'nt be kill'd at *Phillipsbourg*, and I have a *Royal* Donation of *Three Hundred Livres* a Year, so, my Dear, what do I want?—I love my Friends, and my good Friends love me; and I vow to God, I am as happy as the King himself, God bless him.—I love my Countrymen, the *Irish*, and I love the *English* well enough, but, *Faith* and *Sowle*, they are too hard upon us.

CAPTAIN *Thornton* observ'd a peculiar Gravity in the Countenance of his Friend, and thought, that by changing the Current of Conversation, to remove it. He try'd many Ways, but *Conyers* seem'd lost in Thought. His Silence gave a serious Turn to the Company, and they broke up much sooner than was intended.

NEXT Morning *Captain Thornton* had a very early Visit from Mr. *Conyers*, for he had not slept.—'My dear *Thornton*, said he, you must wonder at my Behaviour, but I insist on your Friendship, and beg you will not require an Explanation of the only Thing I cannot divulge.'

Thornton

Thornton imagin'd a Quarrel, and rose in a Hurry to stop his going out of the Room.

—His Friend could not forbear laughing at his serious Figure, but assuring him, on his Honour, that a Quarrel was the least in his Thoughts, the other was pacify'd, and return'd to his Bed.—‘ I am, *said Conyers,*

‘ in the oddest Situation, perhaps, ever

‘ Man was in. I am far from unhappy;

‘ but some Doubts and Anxieties so much

‘ torment me, that I cannot be at Peace till

‘ they are satisfy'd.’—‘ Dear *Conyers,* *said*

‘ *the other,* I hope you will indulge me

‘ with my Share of what gives you Uneasi-

‘ ness; I think I have a just Claim to it.’

‘—I believe, *reply'd Conyers,* your Friend-

‘ ship is sincere; but my Case is of such a

‘ Nature, that, as you cannot assist me, I

‘ must only desire your Patience.’

HE revolv'd a thousand Projects to bring about his Affair in the properest Manner. He remember'd *Father Kelly,* and call'd back every Circumstance of his Childhood so clearly, that he had not the least Doubt but *Mrs. Magrath* was his Mother.—He reflected on her Features, and brought her Face familiar to his Imagination.—He own'd she had not been the tenderest of Parents, but *Nature* spoke, and threw her
Faults

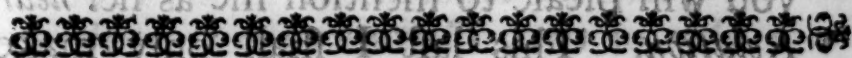
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Faults into the most favourable Light.—He ardently wish'd to embrace her, and, as his filial Affection arose, the tender Tear fell down his Cheeks.—The good, the humane Heart, will not call this an unmanly Weakness.—The Sensations of his Soul were natural, and the Result of an honest Mind.—At last, he determin'd on a Journey to *Cadiz*, and went immediately to Mr. *Waters*, his Banker, for proper Letters.

WHILST he was speaking to this Gentleman on the necessary Credit he might want, he took an Opportunity of asking him if he knew Mr. *Magrath*, who had been a Merchant at *Cadiz*.—‘Yes, Sir, *reply'd Mr. Waters*, extreamly well, for he was my Correspondent many Years.’—‘I hear, *said the Captain*, he has left a Widow, and should be glad to know if she be alive.’—‘She was so, very lately, *answer'd the Banker*, for I have had Letters from her about some Effects remaining in my Hands.—I assure you, she is a very notable Woman, and vastly rich.’—‘As for her Riches, *said Conyers*, I have nothing to say; but you would much oblige me, by recommending me to her Notice and good Offices, in a friendly Manner; and likewise for another Letter, wherein
‘you

‘ you will please to mention me as her *near Relation*. This last I shall only make Use of, in case I find her really so.’—Mr. *Waters* very readily comply’d, and promis’d to be very secret in the Affair.

CAPTAIN *Conyers* was now much easier in his Mind, and the Alteration in his Conduct, gave a very sensible Pleasure to his Friend, but it was of short Duration, for he inform’d him, that he was oblig’d to set out immediately for *Madrid*, where his Stay should be as short as possible.—Captain *Thornton* was oblig’d to acquiesce, and Preparations were made for his Journey. The *Marquis de Brissac* was surpriz’d at the Project of Mr. *Conyers*, but got him Recommendatory Letters to the *French Minister*, and advis’d his travelling with the King’s Messenger, especially as he seem’d in Haste.—A Messenger was dispatch’d the Week following, who had Orders to take particular Care of the Captain.—He took a Servant with him, and, with some Reluctance, bid adieu to his Friends.



C H A P. XVII.

Now, by my Soul, and by these hoary
Hairs,

I'm so o'erwhelm'd with Pleasure, that I
feel
A later Spring within my wither'd Limbs,
That shoots me out again.

DRYDEN'S *Don. Seb.*

AN Account of a Journey, *Post*, must be very unsatisfactory to a Reader, and tire and fatigue him as much as the Traveller. I shall, therefore, avoid the dry, insipid Relation, and beg of him to suppose, that no Accident happen'd on the Road, and that our Captain got safe to *Madrid* in the usual Time. I shall omit the Civilities shew'd him by the *French Minister*, who advis'd him, in the best Manner, for his further Journey to *Cadiz*. He was impatient to be there, and so am I.

ON his Arrival, he waited on Mr. *Fitzgerald*, the Merchant, on whom he had a Credit. This Gentleman received him in the most courteous Manner, and insisted on
his

his accepting an Apartment in his House. In a Day or two, *Captain Conyers* made an Enquiry about Mrs. *Magrath*, and mention'd a Letter he had for her. The Merchant told him, she was an intimate Friend, and offering to accompany him, they immediately paid her a Visit.—Judge, gentle Reader, the Emotions of his Soul, when Mr. *Fitzgerald* presented him to his *Mother*, for such she really was.—Tho' he was determin'd in his Conduct, and had put on every Resolution, yet he trembled and grew pale when he saluted her; but, recovering himself, he attributed his Tremor to the Fatigue of his Journey, which was easily credited. Mrs. *Magrath* read the Letter, and with great Politeness, assur'd him of her Respects, and Readiness to serve him. They din'd that Day at Mr. *Fitzgerald's*, and the *Captain* endeavour'd to make himself as agreeable as possible, and few Men could be more so. He observ'd, that everybody paid Mrs. *Magrath* a particular Respect; that she was vastly improved, and spoke with great Strength of Reason and Sense, tho' in her former Tone of Voice. Time had added a few Wrinkles to her Brow, but had taken away very little of the Beauty of her Complexion.—He frequently caught himself

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himself too earnestly looking at her, and very often met her Eyes.

NEXT Day the Company din'd at her House. Mirth and Good-humour abounded, and each strove who should add most. Mrs. *Magragh* shew'd a more than common Civility to the *Captain*, and often repeated, that he had much of the Air of a Gentleman who had been a very dear *Friend* to her and her Family. In a Word, she became familiar, which still made her more agreeable.

MR. FITZGERALD ask'd, when they got Home, What he had done to the Widow? 'For, *said he*, she told me in *Spanish*, that 'you had such a *Face*, and such a *Voice*, 'she could scarce keep her Eyes off of you. 'Faith, *Captain*, *continued he*, 'twould be 'very unkind to snap up one of our *greatest Fortunes* at so short a Warning, when 'she has held out half-a-dozen *regular Sieges*.'—Mrs. *Fitzgerald* a little rallied him, 'But I assure you, *said she*, without 'a Jest, I never saw Mrs. *Magragh* so free, 'and so pleas'd with a Gentleman in all my 'Life.'—The *Captain* laugh'd in his Turn, and each had somewhat to say.

HE thought Matters were pritty ripe for an Explanation, and as Mrs. *Magragh* had given him a general Invitation, he determin'd on a Visit, and, if possible, to open the Scene. Next Morning he went to Breakfast with her, and was very kindly received. When the ordinary Chat was over, and her Maid had retir'd, he began to put his Scheme in Practice, but not without many Hesitations. — 'Madam, *said he*, I never thought to be so much beholden to my Friend Mr. *Waters*, as I find I am, by being introduc'd to a Lady of your Merit, who has certainly afforded me more Joy, than ever I expected to receive.' — 'This other Letter, Madam, will a little help me in what I am to say.' — She took the Letter, and very attentively read it, and her Eyes seem'd to examine him as carefully. — 'This Letter Sir, *said she*, informs me, that you are my Relation. I cannot say the Contrary, but I protest I am at a Loss how it can be. I own I have a very particular Regard for you on account of my Friend's hearty Recommendation. — I confess my Esteem for your Person and Behaviour, and as you appear a Gentleman, I should be sorry to change my Conduct, by your going on any erroneous Project.' — 'Give me

‘ me Leave, Madam, *reply’d the Captain,*
 ‘ to assure you on my Honour, I have no
 ‘ Views, other than paying the greatest
 ‘ Respect and *Duty* where I so naturally
 ‘ owe them.’ — ‘ I should think myself,
 ‘ *said she,* extreamly happy to have a Re-
 ‘ lation of your *Character* and *Figure*. Tho’
 ‘ I cannot imagine such a Thing possible,
 ‘ yet I own there is something that makes
 ‘ me wish it, therefore, I beg Sir, you
 ‘ will inform me, and doubt not but it
 ‘ will be to our mutual Satisfaction.’

‘ Is it possible Madam, *said he,* that
 ‘ twenty Years can have worn out all Re-
 ‘ membrance of my Face? — Can you
 ‘ forget our wretched Situation on the
 ‘ *Common in Ireland?* — Can my poor
 ‘ *Blind Father* — ‘ Stop Sir, *cry’d she,* for
 ‘ Heaven’s Sake! — I know not what to
 ‘ think! — Good God! — Pray have Pa-
 ‘ tience, and let me recover my Breath.’ —
 Her Agony was extream, and he was oblig’d
 to support her to the Window for Air. —
 ‘ Gracious Heaven, *said she at last,* I dare
 ‘ not hope for such a Blessing, but let me
 ‘ beseech you Sir, to pull down your Right
 ‘ Stocking.’ — He instantly obey’d, and
 when she discover’d a large Mole on his
 Leg, (which he had never observ’d) Yes!
cry’d

cry'd she, 'It is my dearest, my ill-us'd Son.'—Oh Jack!— and clasping him in her Arms in Transport, was, for some Moments depriv'd of every Sense. He embrac'd her with the sincerest Affection, and, for a long While, neither could utter a Syllable.

ONCE more I must indulge the Imagination of the kind Reader, and permit him to supply, from his own natural Stock, what mine is defective in.—Let him call forth every *tender Idea*. Let him think on the *Affection* of a *Parent*; on the *Love* of a *Child*, and, if he can, let him conceive the mighty Joy at recovering our *long lost darling Hopes*. Let him do this, and it is possible he may have some *faint Idea* of what this poor Woman felt. But to paint convulsive Motions, to mark the alternate Complection, and to set down every dropping passionate Word, is not in the Power of Mr. *Le Sage*, *Crebillon*, *Fielding*, or the *Chinese Philosopher*.—When the *good-natur'd* Reader has finish'd his private Reflections, I beg he will go one Step farther, and bring back the *Mother* and *Son* to their wonted Sense and Understanding.

My

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‘ My dearest *Jack*, said *she*, I have treat-
‘ ed you barbarously.—Indeed I have,—
‘ but I shall try to atone for all my Sins.
‘ God has been bountiful to you, and most
‘ merciful to me! — I have not merited
‘ his Goodness, but shall endeavour to de-
‘ serve his Favour.—I hope I shall.—
‘ But my dear *Jack*, give me some Ac-
‘ count of yourself. Tell me of all your
‘ Accidents; how you arriv’d to the ho-
‘ nourable Station I see you in, and why
‘ your Name is *Conyers*.—Tell me all my
‘ dear Child, and I shall most faithfully
‘ recount, tho’ I blush for it, every Part
‘ of my Life since we parted. — Oh my
‘ Son! Could you have known the Trou-
‘ ble, my Usage to you, has given me,
‘ you would pity an unhappy Woman. —
‘ But, tell me my dear *Jack*, can you
‘ forgive me? — I fear it is impossible.’—
‘ My Conduct, said *he*, shall convince my
‘ dearest Mother, that I have forgot all
‘ Things, but my *Duty* and my *Love*.’—
‘ Then, said *she*, I am happy, and my *Love*
‘ shall reward you.— But no more now.—
‘ You must change your Quarters, and
‘ live with me.—Does Mr. *Waters* know
‘ you are my Son? — ‘ No, Madam, said
‘ the Captain, he knows no more than
‘ what I desir’d him to mention in his
VOL. II. I ‘ Letter.’

‘Letter.’— ‘That’s well, *said she*, neither is it necessary he should. I must not own you for my Son, as it would contradict what I have always reported, but you must be my Nephew, the Son of my Sister, which will sufficiently warrant my Affection for you.’

THIS Matter being settled, they went together to Mr. *Fitzgerald’s*. The Family were greatly surpris’d and pleas’d when Mrs. *Magrath* presented her Nephew. She told them the Method he took to discover himself, and all Compliments were made suitable to the Occasion. That Night he return’d to her House, and the whole Town visited and congratulated them.





C H A P. XVIII.

An unseen Hand makes all our Moves :

*And some are Great, and some are Small ;
Some climb to Good, some from good Fortune
fall ;*

*Some Wise Men, and some Fools we call ;
Figures, alas ! of Speech, for Destiny plays
us all.*

COWLEY.

NO doubt Mrs. *Magrath* was impatient to hear the Story of her Son, and begg'd he would begin, and not omit the minutest Circumstances. He obey'd, and carried her through every Scene of his Life, except a few Parts not so fit for her to hear, and concluded, by his being a Captain of Dragoons ; the Accident that brought him to the Knowledge of her being alive, and how soon he determin'd to pay his Duty.—He did not mention his being on *Half-Pay*, lest she should have insisted on his staying at *Cadiz*, which he by no Means intended to do.—He recited all his Adventures in a full and clear Manner, and so pathetically worded his Sufferings,

ings, that she wept most bitterly, but, his good Fortune succeeding, a visible Joy spread over her Countenance. — She embraced him a thousand Times, and blest God for restoring to her a Son, and a Son of such *Prudence* and so many *Virtues*.

Now, *said she*, my dear *Jack*, it is but Just to recount my own History, and inform you of some Things that you are a Stranger to.

SHE then began from her being a Servant at *Sir Roger Thornton's*. — ‘ In this Family, *said she*, I liv’d very happily. I was young, and tolerably handsome, and it pleased *Sir Roger* to think me more so than perhaps I really was. He made me Presents, seem’d very fond of me, was a mighty fine comely Gentleman, and in short, overcame my foolish Weakness. I prov’d with Child, and he married me to *Jerry Connor*. You came into the World with that Name, but my dear *Jack*, your real Father was *Sir Roger Thornton*.’ — ‘ More Wonders ! *cry’d her Son*, — Is it possible ! — She seem’d surpris’d at his Exclamations, but he inform’d her of his Intimacy with *Captain Thornton*, and of the Accident that brought on their
great

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great Friendship. She was vastly delighted with this Incident, and charm'd to find *Sir Roger* was still alive.

THIS obliged her to begin a little more particularly, and she continued her Account to the Death of *Jerry Connor*, and the Parting with her Son.—As I have placed all these Facts in the first Pages of this History, where I imagin'd they naturally came in, I must refer my Reader to them, and take up her Story where I dropt it.

‘ Thus, said she, Father *Kelly* and I co-
‘ habited in a scandalous Manner; and the
‘ Proofs against us were so strong and so
‘ many, that he could not live in the
‘ Country. His Uncle the *Bishop* gave
‘ him a good Sum of Money, and a Letter
‘ to a *Prior* of a rich *Convent* in this City.
‘ He persuaded me to go with him, (and
‘ I had no Business to stay behind) but he
‘ would by no Means consent to my ta-
‘ king you. I was in the utmost Trouble,
‘ and could not think of parting with my
‘ Child for ever. At last he propos’d
‘ sending you to his Brother’s in the Coun-
‘ ty of *Galway*, who would take Care of
‘ your Education, and at a certain Age,

send you to *Cadiz*. — The barbarous Wretch laid the Scheme, and exposed you to perish on the Road. He was so cruel, that he never would give me the least Satisfaction, or let me know what he had done with you. I was too much depending on him to quarrel, and had no other Consolation but my frequent Tears.

‘ We embark’d at *Cork* in a Ship loaded with *Beef, Tallow, and Worsted Stuffs*, and arrived safe at this Place. It was agreed I should pass for his *Sister*, and the Widow of one *Mr. Connor of Clonmell*. He went to the Convent, and deliver’d his Letter to *Father Purcell the Prior*, where I believe he was well received, for he return’d vastly pleas’d. He was soon in the Habit of his Order, and provided me a Lodging in a good Family, and made me dress in a very decent Manner.’

I know not how he managed with the Prior, but he gave me to understand, that I must call him my *Uncle*, and be extremely civil when he visited me, and next Day I had that Honour. *Father Purcell*, or rather my *Uncle*, was a comely,

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ly, grave Man, of about *Sixty*, vastly polite and courteous, and, seemingly of a most *Religious* Deportment. However, my pious *Brother* soon hinted, that I was to be more than *merely civil* to him, if I expected to be maintain'd. — What could I do? — I was compell'd to forfeit my *Honour*, that I might save my *Reputation*. In short, I comply'd, and my *Brother* and *Uncle* constantly visited me, and were *mighty tender and affectionate Relations*.

You see, my dearest *Jack*, I hide not from you, even my own Shame. — How are the best Institutions perverted! but let us not condemn the *Whole*, for the Wickedness of a *Few*. — Thus I liv'd for about four or five Months, and was visited by the best Families, and paid them in Return. I own I was not a fit Companion for People of Fortune; but as I could not converse in their Manner, I behav'd with great *Modesty* and *Silence*. This procur'd me a general good Character, and made me pass for what I did not merit.

I HAD a Mind to try the Temper of *Father Purcell*, and one Day very gravely

‘ ly hinted an Apprehension of my being
 ‘ with Child. The *old Man* star’d, and
 ‘ was in a strange *Dilemma*, for he had no
 ‘ Notion but Father *Kelly* was my real *Bro-*
 ‘ *ther*.— He walk’d about the Room in a
 ‘ very pensive Manner, but at last, —
 “ Well, *said he*, if my dear Widow be
 “ with Child, I must find a Father for it.
 “ — Shall I get you a Husband? — ‘ I
 “ have no Objection, *said I*, provided he
 ‘ be a good one.’ — “ Leave it to me, *re-*
 “ *ply’d the Prior*; but it must be done in
 “ a Hurry, and shall instantly set about it,
 “ so put on your best Airs for a Visit To-
 “ morrow Evening.” — ‘ I took his Ad-
 ‘ vice, but could not forbear laughing at
 ‘ the Oddity of my Scheme, and wonder’d
 ‘ where it would end.

‘ FATHER PURCELL kept his Word,
 ‘ and introduc’d Mr. *Magrath*. He seem’d
 ‘ a plain good Sort of a Man, of about
 ‘ Fifty-five. He was very ceremonious
 ‘ and complaisant, but spoke little. In
 ‘ half an Hour the *Prior* open’d a more
 ‘ interesting Conversation. — “ My dear
 “ Niece, *said he*, my good Friend Mr.
 “ *Magrath* has often seen you, and has
 “ communicated his Sentiments to me.
 “ No Doubt you are of Age to chuse for
 “ yourself;

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“yourself; but as I know his Integrity
“and Worth, I think it my Duty, as a
“Parent, to advise you to receive his ho-
“nourable Addresses as you ought, — It
“will be much better than returning to
“*Ireland.*” — ‘I blush’d, and only re-
‘ply’d, That I should always be guided
‘by him.

“MADAM, *said Mr. Magragh*, I am
“a Man in Trade, of a good Character,
“and an easy Fortune. His *Reverence*
“has told you my Heart, which, if you
“will be pleased to accept, you shall
“command every Thing in my Power.”
‘Sir, *said I*, I doubt not your Merit, as
‘my Uncle is your Friend, I am sure he
‘means an Happiness to us both, and
‘shall submit myself to his Determination.”
— “This, *said the Prior*, is making Love
“like People of Sense, and not like giddy
“Children. Come, my *Dear Niece*, since
“you leave it to me, give me your
“Hand.—Here, my good Friend, I be-
“stow you that inestimable Treasure, a
“good Wife. — Take her, and *I pray God*
“to bless you both.” — ‘Mr. *Magragh*
‘embraced me very tenderly, and I be-
‘hav’d as I ought.

“WELL, Madam, *said the poor Man,*
 “when shall I be happy?—When shall I
 “call you my own?” — “Lord, Sir,
 “*said I,* you are so pressing—I believe a
 “Month or two will be Time enough.—
 “A Month, *cry’d the Prior;* nay, now
 “you spoil all. I hop’d you would have
 “mention’d To-morrow.” — “And I;
 “*said Mr. Magragh,* was thinking on the
 “present Minute; for my Maxim is, Ne-
 “ver to put off till To-morrow, what I can
 “do To-day.” — “’Tis a most excellent
 “Rule, *reply’d the Prior,* and let us put
 “it in Practice. What say you, my dear
 “Niece? — Shall I perform the Holy
 “Office?— ‘I blush’d, but made no An-
 “swer.’—“Silence, *said he,* is a Consent,
 “therefore let us go to Mr. Magragh’s,
 “send for a few Friends, and finish the
 “Business.” — “His Reverence, *said my*
 “*Lover,* has been always my Friend.” —
 “With some Intreaties, I suffer’d myself
 “to be conducted to his House, where,
 “in the Presence of my Brother and two
 “more, my good Uncle perform’d his
 “Priestly Duty, and made me Mistress of
 “this Habitation.

‘ MR.

‘ MR. MAGRAGH was really a good natured inoffensive Man, and very affectionately lov’d me. I kept very good Company, I read a good deal, and wrote and assisted him very much in his Business. By Degrees I grew very expert, and began to *think* and *talk* in a quite different Manner. — My poor Husband was extreamly delighted with my Diligence and Capacity, and only wanted a Child to compleat his Happiness; but none came, notwithstanding the frequent and fervent Prayers of the holy Prior and my pious Brother.

‘ THIS I liv’d, for about five Years, with great seeming Happiness; but your Image, and Father Kelly’s Person, were too often present to make me really so. I dreaded his more than Brotherly Love, for he sometimes visited at very improper Seasons. I knew his Temper, and, as he began to be suspected on many Accounts, particularly for some Intrigues with Spanish Ladies, I was in continual Apprehensions of some fatal Accident. Nay, I much fear’d the Jealousy of the Prior, for he gave me some Hints. At last I miss’d the Visits of my Brother,

‘ and enquir’d after him from my *Uncle*.
 ‘ He shook his Head, but no satisfactory
 ‘ Answer came. I cry’d for my *Brother*,
 ‘ but I never saw him since, — He was
 ‘ either *murder’d* or carry’d to the *Inqui-*
 ‘ *sition*, and I violently suspected the *Prior*.
 ‘ — I was really sorry for his Misfortune,
 ‘ but not displeas’d at the Loss of his
 ‘ Company. I was much more satisfy’d,
 ‘ when, in three Months after, my holy
 ‘ Uncle Father *Purcell* departed this Life,
 ‘ and left me to enjoy it with *Peace* and
 ‘ *real Happiness*.

‘ THESE Impediments to the Tranqui-
 ‘ lity of my Mind, being remov’d, I ap-
 ‘ ply’d myself more closely to the Study
 ‘ of every Thing that might give my
 ‘ Husband Pleasure. I still improved,
 ‘ and arrived to such Perfection, that he
 ‘ confided all to my Care and Manage-
 ‘ ment ; and I aver to you, my dearest
 ‘ *Jack*, that I never deceived him in *any*
 ‘ *Shape*, after the Death of the *Prior*.

‘ His Fortune increas’d very largely,
 ‘ and we liv’d with great *Harmony* and
 ‘ *Content*. The last two Years, his Infir-
 ‘ mities made him extreamly peevish ; but
 ‘ I bore all with Patience, and assistd and
 ‘ attended

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‘ attended him with the Tenderness and
‘ Duty of a *good Wife*. — The poor Man
‘ was sensible of my Regard, and, when
‘ he died, I found his Will had made me
‘ absolute Mistress of his whole Fortune.

‘ I HAVE resisted many Sollicitations
‘ from People who call’d themselves *Lo-*
‘ *vers*. I knew the World too well to
‘ imagine a Woman of my Years had all
‘ the Charms they pretended to find in
‘ me. I fancy I guess’d right, that my
‘ *thirty Thousand Pounds* was my principal
‘ Beauty. — Now, my dear *Jack*, forget
‘ the Injury I did you, and forget my
‘ Faults, and you shall be my Husband,
‘ nor will I ever have another. — Tho’ we
‘ are, unhappily, of different *Religions*,
‘ yet, believe me, I am not so bigotted to
‘ mine, as to desire a Change in your’s.
‘ I have learnt by Experience, that the
‘ true *End* and *Use* of *Religion* is to make
‘ us *good, virtuous, and charitable*. — Since
‘ your Religion has taught you the Practice
‘ of those great Duties, Why should I wish
‘ you to alter? No, my dear *Jack*, keep
‘ strictly to, and be faithful in it. — My
‘ Religion did not make me wicked; it
‘ was my *Weakness* and my *Ignorance*.
‘ Thank God, I am now wiser. — I find,
‘ my

' my dear Child, that your Duty will soon
 ' call you from me; but to convince you
 ' of the Sincerity of my Love, half my
 ' Fortune is this Moment your's. When
 ' all my Affairs are settled, I will follow
 ' you to *England*, and you shall command
 ' the Remainder, allowing me Four hun-
 ' dred Pounds a Year during my Life;
 ' which will be more than I shall have Oc-
 ' casion for. — I hope my dearest *Jack* is
 ' now convinc'd, that I make every Sa-
 ' tisfaction in my Power, and that I at last
 ' prove myself a tender and affectionate
 ' Mother.

THE *Captain* most ardently embrac'd
 her, and return'd every Acknowledgment
 that so much Goodness deserv'd. She set
 about her Promise immediately, and, in a
 short Time, gave him Bills on *London* for
Fifteen Thousand Pounds.

WHILEST these Matters were transacting,
 he received a Letter from his Friend *Thorn-*
son, declaring his Unhappiness without
 him, and pressing his Return. He like-
 wise received Letters from Colonel *Manly*,
 and Doctor *Grace*. These gave him great
 Concern, for they inform'd him of the
 Death of his old Master, good Mr. *Samp-*
son.

son. He had requested his Wife to settle the Fortune on Captain Conyers, at her Death, and she had most generously executed the proper Deeds, reserving *Two Thousand Pounds* to dispose of as she thought proper.

He acquainted his Mother with these Matters, and how necessary his Presence was, to take Care of his *Estate*, and his Military Post. She confess'd the Reasonableness of his Desires, and promising to part with him, with as little Regret as possible, he prepared to set out, the first Opportunity, by Sea, to *Marseilles*.

SHE gave him many useful Instructions, and advis'd him to Secrecy with regard to his Family and the Obscurity of his Birth. — 'Tho', said she, you are in Fact more
' Praise worthy by having made your Fortune with a fair Character, than had it
' descended from your Father, yet the
' World is made of such *envious Stuff*, they
' take Pleasure in lessening the Virtues of
' others; yet it is certain, *he rises the*
' *Higher with the sensible Part of the World,*
' *the Lower he sprung from.*

— Your

‘ YOUR Fortune my dear Son, *continued*
 ‘ *she*, will be now very considerable, but
 ‘ let me beg of you to believe, that no
 ‘ Fortune can stand long, against *bad Ma-*
 ‘ *nagement*. Be an *Oeconomist*, and put
 ‘ your Affairs in so regular a Channel, that,
 ‘ in an Instant, you may know your *In-*
 ‘ *come* and your *Expences*. Without Regu-
 ‘ larity, all will be in Confusion. Let
 ‘ your *Accounts* and your *Watch* be wound
 ‘ up punctually to a Time, or both will
 ‘ go wrong.—Avoid a Number of idle and
 ‘ superfluous *Servants*, that eat out an
 ‘ Estate; keep from expensive *Schemes* and
 ‘ Projects; and trouble, or rather please,
 ‘ the *Lawyers* as little as possible.—Deter-
 ‘ mine to be *happy*, for you know the
 ‘ Means. — One Word more, and I have
 ‘ done.—I guess at your Constitution by
 ‘ your Complexion, therefore I advise you
 ‘ to *marry*, but submit the Manner to your
 ‘ own Prudence.’

HE was often astonish’d how she came
 to *reason*, *speak*, and *write* so correctly,
 and could not avoid asking her the Ques-
 tion.—‘ It is not, *said she*, so difficult a
 ‘ Matter as you imagine, though we must
 ‘ have some Assistance from Nature.—I
 ‘ very

‘ very severely felt the Want of these Ac-
 ‘ complishments, and resolv’d, if possible,
 ‘ to acquire them. — I told you I read
 ‘ much. I got good Authors, and apply’d
 ‘ closely to them. They gave me Senti-
 ‘ ments I was a Stranger to. I improv’d
 ‘ considerably by the Help of Company,
 ‘ but my own *Project* vastly shorten’d my
 ‘ Labour. I set myself a Task every Day,
 ‘ and carefully wrote out two or three
 ‘ Pages of the *Spectator*, *Guardian*, and
 ‘ other sensible Works, so that in a short
 ‘ Time, I became Mistress of their *Style*
 ‘ and *Manner*, had always something to
 ‘ say in Conversation, and spelt well, with-
 ‘ out the Assistance of a Grammar. Be-
 ‘ sides, the Accounts I kept, and the Num-
 ‘ bers of Letters I wrote, made these Mat-
 ‘ ters familiar to me.—This may serve to
 ‘ shew you, *That a little Pains and In-*
 ‘ *dustry in the Beginning, prevents a vast*
 ‘ *Deal of Trouble and Labour in the End.*’

IF Captain *Conyers* was pleas’d at find-
 ing his *Mother*, he was prodigiously more
 so at discovering in her all the Marks of
good Sense and Prudence.—He remitted his
 Money to his Correspondent in *London*,
 but at the same Time acquainted Colonel
Manly of it, and added a Codicil to his
 Will.

Will. He wrote to all his Friends, and promis'd to join them as soon as possible.

A GOOD Ship being now ready to sail, he paid his Respects to all his Acquaintances at *Cadiz*, and made some genteel Presents, particularly to the Family of Mr. *Fitzgerald*.—All were concern'd at losing so polite a Companion, and he was loaded with Praises and Caresses. His Mother could not bear it with that Resignation she at first thought, but however, she rais'd her Spirits, and with many Blessings, saw him set sail.

THE Voyage was prosperous, and he arrived at *Marseilles*, safe and in good Health. He took Post for *Paris*, and once more embrac'd his dear Friend Capt. *Thornton*, after an Absence of eight Months.



 C H A P. XIX.

*Thou Brother of my Choice: A Band
 more Sacred
 Than Nature's brittle Tie. By holy Friend-
 ship,*

*Glory and Fame stood still for thy Arrival;
 My Soul seem'd wanting of its better Half,
 And languish'd for thy Absence: like a Prophet
 That waits the Inspiration of his God.*

ROWE'S Tamerline.

HE found *Paris* extremely crouded
 with *English*, and began to think,
 that the Scheme of Doctor Grace for a
Duty on the Exportation of our Nobility and
Gentry, would yield a much larger Reve-
 nue than could be well imagin'd. — Capt.
Thornton was quite recover'd, and had
 waited a Month extraordinary. — ‘ I assure
 ‘ you, said he, I almost despair'd of you,
 ‘ and was just preparing to set out with my
 ‘ Cousin Lord Truegood.’ — ‘ Lord True-
 ‘ good! cry'd Captain Conyers in a Hurry. —
 ‘ Yes, reply'd the other, Lord Truegood, my
 ‘ Uncle the Earl of Mountworth's Son. —

‘ Do

‘Do you know him?’ — ‘No, *answer’d*
 ‘*Conyers*, but the Similitude of a Name
 ‘I have a great Respect for, certainly
 ‘gave me a Flutter.’ — ‘Now I think of
 ‘it, *said Thornton*, you could not know
 ‘him, at least by his *Title*, for his Father
 ‘was created an *Earl* but since the *Rebel-*
 ‘*lion*. — I promise you my Cousin is well
 ‘worth your Acquaintance.’ — Just then
 ‘*Lord Truegood* enter’d.’ — ‘My Lord,
 ‘*said Thornton*, give me Leave to present
 ‘to you my dearest and most worthy
 ‘Friend Captain *Conyers*, and I insist on
 ‘your loving him as well as I do. — ‘It
 ‘always affords me, *said my Lord*, the
 ‘highest Satisfaction to be known to Gen-
 ‘tlemen of your distinguish’d Worth and
 ‘Merit, and wish I may deserve the Ho-
 ‘nour of your Friendship.’ — ‘If it be an
 ‘Honour, *said Conyers*, what must mine
 ‘be, should your Lordship grant me your
 ‘favourable Opinion and Countenance?’ —
 ‘A Truce with your Compliments; *cry’d*
 ‘*Thornton*, let us be a Triumvirate, and
 ‘make the World stare at our Friend-
 ‘ship.’

By degrees, they dropp’d into the fami-
 liar Stile, and each seem’d happy in the
 other two. — *Conyers* very attentively ex-
 amin’d

amin'd the Features of my Lord, and call'd to his Remembrance, his much-beloved *Master Harry*.—His Heart felt an unusual Pleasure; Joy sparkled in his Eyes, and added such Charms to his Conversation, that his Friend protested, he believ'd the Gravity of the *Spaniards* had only serv'd to give him more Spirits.—‘ Perhaps, said my Lord, they were so confin’d, when there, that now they rush out with greater Force; but be it as it will, I am vastly pleas’d to find *Wit* and *good Sense* so agreeably blended.’—*Conyers* made the proper Reply, but retir’d pritty soon, for he wanted Repose.

Next Day they visited their Friends, and a Week was very chearfully employ’d. In this Time, Mr. *Conyers* received a Letter from his Correspondent in *London*, ‘ That he had credited him with the Money remitted from *Cadiz*; That he had paid three Bills drawn on him by Mr. *Pensè*, of *Brussels*, amounting to *Seventy-five Pounds*, and that his Correspondent of that City, had advis’d him of the Death of the said Mr. *Pensè*.’—Captain *Conyers* was much concern’d for the poor Man, but his superior Joy soon got the better. He did not think on his Death, as so much gain’d,

gain'd, but determin'd to employ *Pense's* Money to other Purposes than his own.

LORD TRUGOOD had all the Softness and Delicacy of Behaviour; that Tenderness to Mankind; that Ease, and, at the same Time, that *Dignity* in his Deportment, that distinguishes, or ought to distinguish, the *Nobleman*. He was Generous without Profuseness, Mild without Childishness, and Courteous to all; but supported his Station. He had seen the different States, with critical Eyes, and observ'd the Faults and Perfections, with a View to the Good of his Country, and his own Honour. This Gentleman conceiv'd a most particular Esteem for Captain *Conyers*, and every Day improv'd it. — To be applauded and regarded by Men of Sense and Knowledge, is the highest Honour a Man can receive. The Captain had this from *Lord Trugood*, and was sensible of it.

A LITTLE more Time was spent in *Paris*, in Compliments on taking Leave, particularly of the *Marquis de Brissac*, and the *Duke d'Ayen*. — Those paid to Ladies, I am as ignorant of as the Reader. — Every thing being prepar'd, the *Three Friends* took Post for *Calais*. The Packet soon landed them

at

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at Dover, and each had a peculiar Satisfaction at arriving in London.



CHAP. XX.

*The grateful Mind a Pleasure feels
Beyond what Vice and Passion yields;
The grateful Heart a Bliss bestows
Beyond what Vulgar-Cunning knows;
This noble Virtue in the Breast,
Of ev'ry Virtue he's possess'd.*

ANONIMOUS.

IT is not to be express'd, the hearty and affectionate Manner Sir Roger Thornton and Lord Mountworth received Captain Conyers, neither is it possible to describe the Joys he felt, when he embraced the *Author of his Life*, and the *Founder of his Happiness*. Each insisted on his living with them, and contended strongly about it, but Captain Conyers ended the kind Dispute, by assuring them, he had many Reasons for being in private Lodgings, but hop'd they would indulge him the Honour of visiting with Freedom.—He was presented to each Family, who could not enough admire the many excellent Qualifications they soon found

found he possess'd. His generous Valour was the Subject of each Day, particularly with the Ladies.—*It is just, they should peculiarly admire the Brave, when they only are capable of rewarding them.*

LADY MOUNTWORTH still preserv'd a large Residue of Beauty. The accustom'd Sweetness of her Temper, and her good Sense, remain'd; but all her Charms seem'd transplanted, and to blow a-fresh in her Daughter, *Lady Harriot*. She was now about Twenty-four Years of Age; her Beauty was exquisite, and none could be insensible of it; but the *Reſtitute* of her Manners, the *Integrity* of her Soul, and the *Affability* of her Behaviour, could not fail of Numbers of Admirers. Perhaps she was too delicate in the Choice of a Husband, and requir'd more Perfections in a Man, than a large Fortune and high Titles. She was so whimsical and singular in her Notions, that she thought a *rational, tender, and faithful Companion*, was infinitely more essential to a Scheme of Happiness, than a Multitude of Servants, and the most brilliant Retinue.—My Lord and Lady often rallied this Temper; but as they knew her Understanding and Judgment, they always left her Free.

CAPTAIN

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CAPT. *Conyers* admir'd her Virtues. He was charm'd at the *easy Elegance* of her Conversation. He gaz'd on her Beauties, and his *Heart* insensibly stole from him, and became her Property.— Certain it is, Lady *Harriot* began to have Sentiments much in his Favour, and some delicate Expressions, and the Conduct of the Eyes, soon discover'd what pass'd in their Souls.

Tho' Lady *Harriot* possess'd his Imagination, yet his private Affairs were attended to. Lord *Mountworth* was an excellent Adviser in Money Affairs, as well as other Matters. He therefore begg'd his *Lordship's* Assistance in the Management of *Twenty thousand Pounds*, which brought on a Conversation that discover'd the *Circumstances* of the Captain.—His Money was soon dispos'd of in the Funds, and he prepar'd to set out for his Estate. Whilst this was doing, he remember'd his Promise to himself, and sent *Five hundred Pounds* of Mr. *Pense's* to the *Correspondent Society* in London, for promoting English Protestant Schools in Ireland, but his Name was not mention'd.

HE likewise remember'd his old Friend Mr. *Sangfroid* the Surgeon, and after much Enquiry, found him in very *obscure Lodgings*. The *Captain* was dress'd in his Regimentals, and *Sangfroid* received him with very great Respect.— ‘Sir, said he, I am sorry for your Accident. A *slight Touch* I presume, but my Care and Diligence will soon make Matters easy to you.— I am extremely oblig’d to the Gentleman that recommended me to you, but you may depend on being quite safe in my Hands.’— He was going on in the usual Style; but the *Captain* with an hearty Laugh, cry’d out, ‘Bless me, Mr. *Sangfroid*!—Have you really forgot me?—*Sangfroid* look’d up, and staring at him for some Time, cry’d,— ‘Forgot you!—Eh!—Oons!—I believe ’tis honest *Conyers*—Oh God!—Come to my Arms my dear Friend, said the *Captain*, and use me as such.’—They embrac’d, and the Surgeon was quite confounded at his Appearance, and testify’d his Surprise.— ‘We shall, said *Conyers*, have Time enough to talk of that, but at present let us think on your Affairs, for you do not seem so happy as I could wish. You have been my kind Benefactor, now try my

‘ my Gratitude, and honestly tell me your
‘ Wants, for I fear you have some.’

POOR *Sangfroid* began a most melan-
choly Story. He told the Variety of Mis-
fortunes he had met with; — he plac’d
them all to the Account of his Folly and
Extravagance, and concluded by his being
in a poor, wretched Condition. — His Story
was extreamly moving, but it convinc’d
the *Captain* of the *Misery* that Man draws
on himself, who chuses to be directed by
Passions and *Appetites*, rather than *Prudence*
and *Oeconomy*. — However, he was deter-
min’d to serve him, and put *Forty Guineas*
into his Hands. — ‘ Now, *said he*, this is
‘ only for the Present; when you find a
‘ *Surgeoncy* to be bought, command my
‘ *Purse* most freely.’ — ‘ Heavens! *said*
‘ *Sangfroid*, how ill they argue, that call
‘ this a *bad World*.’ — You are in it! — Ten
‘ such Men, atone for the Faults of
‘ Millions! — My dear Friend, *continued*
‘ *he*, with *Tears in his Eyes*, I believe some
‘ Relations would advance Two Hundred
‘ Pounds, if I had the Remainder, I could
‘ this Moment purchase a *Surgeoncy* to a
‘ Regiment of Guards. — But ’tis impos-
‘ sible to expect so much Goodness.’ —
‘ Expect, *said Conyers*, every Thing from

me. 'Go about it, my Friend, immediately, and in three Days I shall call and finish the Affair.' — The Captain perform'd his Promise, and with the Assistance of Six Hundred Pounds, Mr. Sangfroid was made compleatly happy. —

His next Enquiry was for *Doctor St. Amour*; but he had been lately made a *Bishop* in Ireland. He visited his good Widow Landlady in *Surry*, whom he made vastly happy, by a Present of Fifty Guineas. He found out that his old Master *Monsieur Champignon* had been sometime dead; and that *Miss Tonton* having the Guardianship of her own Person, had wisely disposed of it to a *Life-Guard* Man. — As to many others, whom he knew, he judg'd it not so proper to renew his Acquaintance.

CAPT. *Thornton* had been so long absent from his Regiment, that he was oblig'd to take Leave of his Friend, and join his Post in *Scotland*, and his Father Sir *Roger* had been some Time in *Berkshire* on Business. This increased the Intimacy of Capt. *Conyers* with Lord *Mountworth's* Family, particularly with Lord *Truegood*. — He found out, by Degrees, the Situation
of

of Affairs, and that the young Lord's Brother Master William had taken a Fancy to the Sea-Service, and had distinguish'd himself on many late Occasions as a Captain of a Man of War, and was then at his Station.

WHATEVER good Opinion the Family conceiv'd of Capt. Conyers, an Affair happen'd that did not lessen it. It seems Mr. Sangfroid had been at the Captain's Lodgings, and was inform'd of his being at Lord Mountworth's. He follow'd, and tho' the Captain was not there, yet the Servant conducted him into the Chamber where sat my Lord and Lady with Lady Harriot. My Lord, with his usual Politeness, order'd a Chair, and told him he expected the Captain every Moment. A little Chat arose, which, at last, fell on his Friend.—Sangfroid was silent as to former Times, but mention'd his having been in good Circumstances, and had render'd some Services to Mr. Conyers. He then painted out the last Action of his Friend, and his real Worth and Honour in such lively Colours, that drew from my Lord and Lady the highest *Encomiums* on the Captain. Lady Harriot was silent, but Pleasure blush'd in

her Face.—*Sangfroid* waited for some Time, but at last took his Leave.

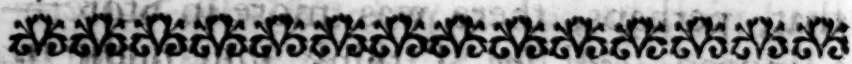
LADY HARRIOT now open'd on the Charms of *Gratitude* and true *Generosity*.—
 ‘ These, said she, are the masterly Touches
 ‘ of a finish’d Piece, and no Character can
 ‘ be compleat without them.—They argue
 ‘ every humane Sentiment, and are an *Abstract*
 ‘ of all Virtues. — ‘ Your Servant,
 ‘ Lady Harriot, said my Lord, and bow’d,
 ‘ —I protest you would make an excellent Painter. But tell me, my dearest
 ‘ Harriot, Which would you chuse to
 ‘ trace, the Person, or the Mind of the
 ‘ Captain?—She blush’d, but answer’d—
 ‘ You know, my Lord, I always speak
 ‘ Truth, and can ill disguise my Heart.—
 ‘ I hope I shall not be thought Criminal,
 ‘ when I assure your Lordship, I would
 ‘ chuse both his Person and his Mind.’—
 ‘ And if I can, said my Lord, you shall
 ‘ have your Choice.’—He then most tenderly embrac’d her, and *Lady Mountworth* almost wept with Joy.

THE Captain was much press’d to return to the Country, particularly by Colonel *Manly*, who mention’d something of the Borough.

Borough. It happen'd that the *Colonel* and Lord *Mountworth* were intimate Friends, so he was easily persuaded to let his Son Lord *Truegood* accompany the Captain, but not before he had acquainted him with the Sentiments of his Sister, and his own Inclinations to such a Match. The poor Captain scarcely knew how to bid *Adieu* to his dear Lady *Harriot*; but as he had given some Hints to Lord *Truegood*, his Lordship eas'd him in so delicate an Affair.— ‘Lady *Harriot*, said he, I must beg your Hand to help me to raise my Friend, for he is *your's* and you *his*.’— She saluted the Captain, and each attempted to answer the other.— ‘These are broken Words, said my Lord, but we shall piece them together on our Return.— One Kiss more.—Now adieu.

THEY went to my Lord and Lady, who, as soon as acquainted with this Affair, embrac'd Mr. *Conyers*, and look'd on him as a Son.— ‘Your Lordship, said the Captain, is no Stranger to my Fortune, but this Paper contains an Abstract of it, and I most chearfully submit myself to your Lordship's Determination.’— A few Compliments ensued, and Lord *Truegood*

good with Capt. Conyers, stepp'd into their Post Chaise, and soon arriv'd to the End of their Journey.



C H A P. XXI.

Our Grandfire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest'd,
With mournful Looks the blissful Scenes
survey'd,

And wander'd in the solitary Shade :
The Maker saw, took Pity, and bestow'd
WOMAN, the last, the best Reserve of God.
POPE's Jan. and May.

NEVER was Man received with more Affection, particularly by his Sister, the Colonel, and Doctor Grace,—It was a Jubilee in the Village.—The Remembrance of past, and the Enjoyment of present Happiness, occasion'd many Tears.—He paid every Duty to Mrs. Sampson, and she regarded him as her Brother and her Son. He recited every Circumstance since they parted, and did not forget his Aunt Magragh at Cadiz, and propos'd her living with her when

when she arrived in *England*.—Mrs. *Sampson* was extremely pleas'd in his good Fortune; but, as she imagin'd the *Colonel* wish'd an Alliance with him, she hinted, that, perhaps, there was more in Store.—

' Indeed, *said she*, I think you ought to marry; nor do I know a Woman in the World I would sooner recommend to you than Miss *Manly*.—She is grown a delightful Creature, and is so good, I am sure she would make an excellent Wife. You know the *Colonel* has Fifteen hundred Pounds a Year, and a great deal of ready Money. If you will set about it, I'll engage it shall be done.'

—My dear Sister, reply'd *Conyers*, I know not how to thank you as I ought; but this Affair is impossible.—I am no Stranger to Miss *Manly's* Beauty and Merit; but we are not always Masters of our Inclinations.—He then told her the History of his Heart, and spoke so tenderly on the Charms of Lady *Harriot*, that she entirely agreed with him.

COLONEL MANLY was still hearty, and tolerably well. He was vastly pleas'd at the Figure and Behaviour of Lord *Truegood*. He spoke with great Pleasure of his *Grandfather* and the present *Earl*, and re-

ceived him with the utmost Affection and Regard. They frequently dined with the *Colonel*, and *Miss* did the Honours of the Table in so polite and well-bred a Manner, that charm'd all, but particularly Lord *Truegood*. He was struck with her Beauty, but the Elegance of her Conversation, firmly fix'd every tender Thought.—*Conyers* perceiv'd his Lordship's Anxiety, and guessing the Cause, hinted his Suspicion.—*True*, said my Lord, I own my Love, nor am I ashamed of it. An Object so infinitely worthy, must engross my Heart. Dear *Conyers*, let me require your Friendship. Assist me with the *Colonel* and his dearest Daughter, as I assisted you with *Harriot*. I am certain of my Father's Consent, and I shall be the happiest of Men.—The Captain, who was rejoyc'd at this Incident, assur'd him of his Interest, and the next Day, not only obtain'd the *Colonel's* Consent, but artfully found out from *Miss*, that my Lord was far from being disagreeable to her.—Lord *Truegood* was in Raptures, and the Friendship of *Conyers* curtail'd a long Courtship, which of all People, Men of Sense and Sincerity are the least capable of doing for themselves. The Way being now paved, the Affair went smoothly on, and only wanted

wanted Lord and Lady Mountworth's Approbation.

THE Captain resign'd to the Colonel the Promise of his Interest for a Seat in *Parliament*, and begg'd him to transfer it where, soon, it would be naturally due. When his Family Affairs were settled, they all agreed on a Journey to *London*, and as the Colonel and Mrs. Sampson were infirm, they were oblig'd to make easy Stages. His *Lordship* daily made fresh Discoveries of the Understanding and good Nature of *Miss Manly*, and she found her Pleasure and Satisfaction arise, the more she conversed with him. — In short, it is not in Nature to give more real Joy than what this good Company felt.

ON their Arrival in *London*, Captain Conyers flew to Lady Harriot, and Lord Truegood to his Father. One discover'd his Soul more openly, and the other mention'd what Lord Mountworth and my Lady were charm'd to hear.

MATTERS were in this Situation, when HONOUR attack'd the Captain with such Force, as almost to unhinge his flattering Hopes. This busy Companion seem'd to

hint, *That he ought in Justice to make himself known to my Lord before the Marriage; that it would heighten his Character, and prevent the Imputation of an Imposture.* He own'd the Truth of this, but at the same Time, he look'd on his Person, Accomplishments and Fortune, as very far from Counterfeits. His discovering himself, gave him no Uneasiness, but he dreaded, that his *Love* might be injur'd by it, and, as he could by no Means think of putting it to the Hazard, he determin'd still to be Silent.— I write the Fact, and will neither approve or condemn this Conduct. The Truth is, *he lov'd*, and those who have felt that Passion, perhaps will make Allowances for the Faults it occasions.

WHY should I take up the Time of my kind Reader?—He will naturally suppose, that Visits were paid and return'd; — That a Settlement was agreed on; — That the Lawyers were Fee'd, and all Necessaries done, to the finishing a Matter of such Consequence, but without my Help he will not know that *Lady Harriot's* Fortune was but Ten Thousand Pounds.

Two People, if not *Four*, imagin'd the Lawyers were very slow in their Motions,
and

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and the Clerks very dilatory in their Business. A few Guineas enliven'd their Pens, and the happy Day, at last came. The Bishop of ——— joyn'd all their Hands, and establish'd the *Love* and *Affection of their Souls*.

LORD MOUNTWORTH would not too soon disturb the Pleasure of his *Sons* and *Daughters*, but, in six Weeks, he began to think of returning to *Ireland*, from whence he had been absent three Years. As he found Captain *Conyers* and *Lady Harriot* greatly inclin'd to go, he advis'd him to keep his Money Matters in such a Readiness, that he might dispose of it the first convenient Opportunity. — ‘What-
‘ ever, *said my Lord*, some may imagine,
‘ let me advise you to Purchase in that
‘ *Kingdom*, but in one of those Counties
‘ the least improv'd. A Man of your
‘ Turn of Mind, will soon discover the
‘ many Advantages. You will build convenient Houses for the poor People, and
‘ set them a *Spinning*. You will almost
‘ compel them to *Industry* and *Labour*.
‘ They will thrive under you, and your
‘ Fortune Increase in Proportion.’ — His Lordship then gave him an Account of his own Management, (as was formerly related)

ted) and assur'd him the People were all content, tho' his annual Income was augmented almost One Thousand Pounds. —

' If, *continued he*, a Man takes a Pleasure in viewing the *Trees* he planted, in seeing them blossom, and in tasting their Fruit, what Joy, what a *rational Joy* must he receive, who beholds a Colony of *human Creatures*, establish'd by his *Care*; flourishing by his *Bounty*, and *Blessing* his Soul, who *blessed them*? — Believe me, my dear Son, no *earthly Happiness* can equal this.' — The *Captain* was too sensible of these Truths not to agree with my Lord. — His Spirit was already in *Ireland*, and his Imagination plann'd out his future Conduct.

COLONEL MANLY grew impatient to return Home, there, *as he said*, to rest for ever. *Lady Truegood* could not think of quitting her Father, and the young Lord could not part from his dearest Wife, so that the old Gentleman was perfectly happy, when they agreed to accompany him. — He took a most tender Leave of all his Friends, but, embracing *Conyers* with Tears of the truest Affection, call'd him his *Friend*, his *Soldier*, — but could utter no more than, *Heaven bless and protect*

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test you, and retir'd with Eyes full of the tender Passion, to which *Lady Mountworth* and *Lady Harriot* most liberally subscrib'd.

THE Captain took a good House and Garden at *Richmond* for Mrs. *Sampson*, who promis'd to be most careful of Mrs. *Magrath* when she arriv'd. He wrote to his Mother of all his Transactions, and gave her full Instructions. Every Thing being adjusted, this chearful and happy Family quitted *London*, and set out for *Ireland*.



C H A P. XXII.

*The Wise new Prudence from the Wise acquire,
And one brave Hero fans another's Fire.*

POPE'S *Homer*.

THE Journey was made less tedious by their sprightly and agreeable Conversation. — His Lordship often spoke of *Ireland*, but in such a Manner as to remove the *Prejudices* he supposed Mr. *Conyers* might have to it. — 'The Face of the Country, said he, is certainly charming,

‘ ing, and the *Soil*, the *Rivers*, and the
‘ *Climate* abundantly supply every Neces-
‘ sary for Life. It was formerly so *Woody*,
‘ that the Exhalations of the Earth were
‘ confin’d, and the Air wanted a Currency,
‘ consequently, it was *very fatal to Stran-*
‘ *gers*. Now indeed, you will find the
‘ other Extream, and a shameful Neglect
‘ of Trees; but, as they have promis’d,
‘ so do they mend every Day.—You will
‘ be surpris’d at their Herds of *Cattle*.
‘ The City of *Cork* alone, slaughters for
‘ the *West Indies* above *Eighty Thousand*
‘ every Year. No doubt it is a profitable
‘ Branch, but so much *Pasturage*, depo-
‘ pulates a Country, and makes the com-
‘ mon People extreamly *poor* and *miserable*.
‘ The Inhabitants seem now to have a
‘ Relish and a Taste for Industry, and they
‘ feel the Sweets of it. In many Things,
‘ no People act Wiser, and in others it is
‘ the reverse, particularly in *Corn*. When
‘ a Scarcity happens, they all run to the
‘ Plow. Next Year, *Corn* is a Drugg,
‘ the *Dutch* buy it at their own Price, and
‘ the poor Farmers are undone. The fol-
‘ lowing Year the Plow is neglected, and
‘ *Corn* again rises to an exorbitant Price,
‘ and then the *Dutch* return them their
‘ own.’

‘ I AM surpris’d, *said Conyers*, that their
 ‘ Experience has not convinc’d them of
 ‘ the Necessity of *Grannaries.*’ — ‘ They
 ‘ much want them, *reply’d my Lord*, but
 ‘ it must be an Affair of *Government*, for
 ‘ private Persons would be ruin’d in their
 ‘ Fortunes or Characters by such a Scheme.’
 — ‘ By what I have heard, *said Conyers*, it
 ‘ is a plentiful Country, and very *Cheap.*’ —
 ‘ True, *answer’d Lady Harriot*, and yet it
 ‘ is made much *Dearer* than in *England.*
 ‘ If Provisions be a Third Cheaper, and
 ‘ the Fashion of the Country obliges the
 ‘ Use of *double Quantities*, must it not
 ‘ be more Expensive? — ‘ Well, well,
 ‘ *said Lady Mountworth*, suppose it dearer,
 ‘ and that they are not so rich as in *Eng-*
 ‘ *land*, they live well, they are a generous
 ‘ hospitable People, and have Spirits and
 ‘ Chearfulness, not to be purchased by
 ‘ mere Wealth. If they have Faults, shew
 ‘ me a Nation without them?’ — ‘ My
 ‘ Mistress, *said my Lord*, is quite an *Irish*
 ‘ *Woman.*’ — ‘ I believe, *said she*, my
 ‘ Dear means, I am quite unprejudiced;
 ‘ but granting I was otherwise, ought I
 ‘ not to regard that *Kingdom* that main-
 ‘ tains us? I wish every one did the same,
 ‘ and then their *Poverty* and *Folly* would
 ‘ not be so conspicuous.

‘ WE

' WE are told, *said the Captain*, that
 ' the *English Charter Schools* are in a very
 ' flourishing Condition, and will in Time
 ' make it a *Protestant Kingdom*.' — ' Yes,
 ' *reply'd my Lord*, they are greatly and
 ' very justly encouraged, but it will take
 ' Time to compleat so laudable a Work.
 ' — Tho' it is the *King* of all Charities,
 ' yet I think my Plan would much shorten
 ' it. — Suppose the Legislator vested *One*
 ' *Hundred Thousand Pounds* in the Hands
 ' of a few Trustees of known Integrity
 ' and Judgment, to be apply'd in pur-
 ' chasing Lands in some particular Coun-
 ' ties, and letting those Lands in small
 ' Farms to poor Protestant *Swiss* or *Pa-*
 ' *latines*, naturalized, and to Protestant
 ' Husbandmen of our own Kingdoms.
 ' These Farms should be *Rent Free* for
 ' three Years; pay a small Matter for three
 ' Years more, and raise it in such a Pro-
 ' portion as should be judg'd Equitable,
 ' till by degrees the Lands paid the full
 ' Value, but not of the Improv'd Rent.
 ' They should have *Fee Farm Leases*, but
 ' not suffer'd to sell or alienate the Lands
 ' in any Shape, for a certain Number of
 ' Years, without the Consent of the Trus-
 ' tees. — Such a Scheme, properly execu-
 ' ted,

ted, would certainly, in the first Instance,
be Expensive to the Government, but it
would, as certainly, soon fill the Coun-
try with *Industrious* and *Faithful Subjects*,
and return to that Government a Ten-fold
Interest.

As ENGLAND, said the Captain, has
purchased that Kingdom by much Blood
and Treasure, perhaps they are too se-
vere in their Conduct towards it. All
confess the Policy of France, and their
constant Maxim is, to grant more Pri-
vileges to their conquer'd Provinces and
Towns, than they allow the Interior of
the Kingdom. — On this, said my Lord,
I shall not argue, but, take Ireland in
General, and you will find them tole-
rably happy. If all the proper Use be
not made of so large a Kingdom, Eng-
land will at last discover her Error, and
rectify it. I must say for the Honour
of Ireland, that no Nation ever made in
so short a Time such wonderful Improve-
ments; and I must add, that England
has been, in many Instances, extreamly
Generous, and they begin already to feel
and perceive the Utility of it.

As

‘AS to FRANCE, continued my Lord, I
 ‘am convinc’d that her *great Strength* lies
 ‘not in the vast Superiority of her Domi-
 ‘nions. We are told that *Great Britain*
 ‘is to *France* as 100 to 107. Her chief
 ‘Power consists in the equal Distribution
 ‘of Benefits to the *Whole*, and in her
 ‘Schemes for making a, *formerly, divided*
 ‘*People*, now Think and Act as *one Man*.
 ‘—Were we so True to our own Interest ;
 ‘—Were we so Industrious to procure to
 ‘each other a reciprocal Advantage ;—
 ‘Did we manage every Inch of Territory
 ‘for the Benefit of the *Whole Community*,
 ‘and not Sacrifice the *Bounties of Nature*
 ‘to the private Interest of a *Few*, GREAT
 ‘BRITAIN, in Reality, would hold the
 ‘*Ballance of Europe*.’—Lady Harriot smil’d
 and said, ‘I cannot but wonder at the vast
 ‘Pains my Lord takes about *Ireland*, when,
 ‘with all his Consideration, he cannot
 ‘change the Nature of Things, but must
 ‘leave them, almost where he found them :
 ‘If he could persuade the *Rulers of the*
 ‘*State* to think like him, then indeed I
 ‘should have a Chance of seeing *Ireland*
 ‘planted like a Garden.’

‘GIVE

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‘ GIVE me Leave to tell you, *reply’d*
 ‘ *my Lord*, that I apprehend it the indif-
 ‘ pensible Duty of every *faithful Subject*,
 ‘ to throw out such Information and Hints
 ‘ to the *Government* as he judges of gene-
 ‘ ral Use. Should he *err* in his Conjec-
 ‘ tures, perhaps they may give Birth to
 ‘ somewhat really Beneficial. In any Case,
 ‘ his *good Intentions* will at least deserve
 ‘ Praise.--I am not such a *Wind-Mill* Fighter
 ‘ as to pretend to *amend the World*, yet I
 ‘ hope *your Ladyship* will indulge an At-
 ‘ tempt to amend my little Share of it,
 ‘ and shew others a *good Example*. — Ac-
 ‘ cording to my Notions, this is almost as
 ‘ essential a Part of my *Duty*, as to *Fear*
 ‘ *God and Honour the King*, neither can it
 ‘ justly be said I do *one* or the *other* with-
 ‘ out it.’

SUCH was the general Run of Conver-
 sation.—They pleas’d and instructed each
 other.—They spoke of *Things* with Free-
 dom, but of *Persons* with Good-nature.—
 They had no Conception of the Joys of
 turning all into *Ridicule*; — of the Pleasure
 of *Sarcasm*, nor of the Delight of finding
 out *Faults*, and magnifying them.—No,—
 They had Souls above the vulgar Topic of
Slander.

Slander.—They lov'd Mankind, and Mankind lov'd them.

A YACHT attended for my Lord and Family, and they arrived safe in *Dublin* the 16th of *April* 1750. They stay'd a short Time in that City, and then set out for BOUNTY-HALL. His Lordship's Tenants met him on the Road, and their unfeign'd Joy is past Description.

As soon as *Conyers* perceived the venerable Seat wherein he had experienced so much Humanity and so many Blessings, his Heart swell'd with *Gratitude*. Every tender Sensation rush'd so violently on him, that he was scarce able to speak. *Lady Harriot* observ'd his Countenance chang'd, and was dreadfully frighten'd, as were my Lord and Lady. With some Difficulty he got into the House, and begg'd to lye down a few Minutes, and all would be well, but no Persuasion could remove *Lady Harriot* from his Bed Side. He indulg'd his Tears, and permitted them to flow in Silence, and unperceiv'd by *Lady Harriot*.—In two Hours he was quite recover'd, and joyn'd the Family to their inexpressible Joy.

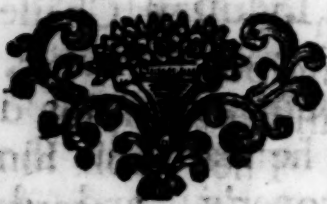
• THO'

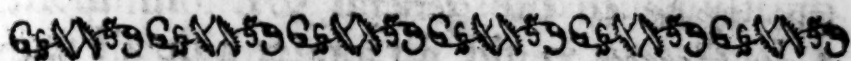
THO' he took Care not to enquire for particular Persons, yet he soon found, that the *Good*, the Honest Mr. *Kindly*, had been dead above two Years; that Mr. *Cassock* had been Minister of the Parish Eleven, and that his Wife was well, and had a fine Family of Children. These he fix'd in his Thoughts. The old *Butler* and Mrs. *Mathews* were dead. *Madamoiselle Le Meagre* was old, but liv'd happily with Mrs. *Cassock* on a Pension from my Lord. The Good-natur'd *Groom* was a favourite Coachman, and had a considerable Farm, and was well married. *Conyers* determin'd in himself to do him Service.—He view'd the Land with the utmost Pleasure, but it was so chang'd, and the Inhabitants and little Houses so alter'd and so decent, that all seem'd Enchantment. With Difficulty could he persuade himself, that *Eighteen Years* could make such a wonderful Change.—Such is the Power of good Management, and such the Effect of Industry!

CAPTAIN CONYERS was in such vast Delight, that he fear'd he should discover himself improperly, and determin'd to watch a convenient Opportunity of opening his Heart to my Lord.—Thus they
liv'd

liv'd for two Months, when an Addition was made to the general Joy. In short, *Lady Harriot* could no longer hide a Pregnancy which she had taken great Pains to conceal.

MY LORD heard of an *Estate* to be sold in the next *County*, and that the Proprietor was in *Waterford*. He knew the Lands and the Owner, and so much wish'd to have his Son fix'd there, that he propos'd a Journey to *Waterford* as the shortest and surest Way of coming to an Agreement. No doubt the Ladies were in some Trouble, particularly *Lady Harriot*, but his Lordship rallied them out of such Whimfies, and in three Days set out on this Expedition.





CHAP. XXIII.

*Not He, of Wealth immense possess,
Tasteless who piles his massy Gold,
Among the Number of the Blest,
Should have his glorious Name enroll'd;
He better claims the glorious Name, who knows
With Wisdom to enjoy what Heaven bestows.*
FRANCIS'S HORACE.

ON their Arrival at *Waterford*, they were inform'd, that the Gentleman they wanted was then at *Clonmell*, and next Morning they pursu'd their Journey to that City. In the Evening, they travell'd leisurely on, and my Lord was diverting him with a merry Story of his Youth, when suddenly Mr. Conyers cry'd out, *Great God!* and fainted in the Post-Chaise.—His Lordship, in prodigious Trouble, stopp'd the Chaise, and all were employ'd in recovering the Captain. They took him out, and no House being at Hand, carry'd him to the Hut of a Beggar. When his Senses were recall'd, what was his Astonishment at finding himself actually placed in his *first Habitation!*

tation!—He utter'd some Words that greatly affected his *Lordship*, who imagin'd a *Lightness* in the *Brain*, and made him most ardently desire to be in a Place where proper Assistance could be had.—In a little Time his Spirits so much reviv'd, that my Lord hurry'd him into the Chaise, and the Beggar had Reason to be thankful for the Accident.

THE CAPTAIN was lost in Thought. The Idea of former Times was so strong, and every childish Circumstance recurr'd so clearly to his Memory, that it might have been fatal to him, had not his Eyes given Vent to the Throbbings of his Heart.—This lasted a considerable Time; but he was quite himself when he arriv'd at *Clonmell*.

' My dear Conyers, said my Lord, you
' give me vast Pain; I perceive your Dis-
' order is not occasion'd by Sicknefs, but
' by somewhat that oppresses your Mind.—
' Relieve it, I beseech you, and confide in
' me, not merely as a *Father*, but as a
' *Friend*.—If my Power or Fortune can
' give you Ease, count it already done.
' Let me intreat you not to stifle your Cares,
' if you have any, which must torture your
' Imagination, and keep me on the Rack.'

* HEAVEN

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‘HEAVEN is my Witness, *said Mr. Conyers*, I mean not to give your *Lordship* the least Uneasiness.—But, my Lord, I have such a Tale of Wonder to unfold, that overcomes my Reason.—Can you believe, can your *Lordship* imagine, that the *Hovel* I was just now in, was my Dwelling for Years?’—My *Lord* thought him distracted, and advis’d him to forbear any further Relation, and go to Rest.

‘I SEE, *said Mr. Conyers*, your *Lordship* thinks my Mind is disturb’d.—’Tis true; but my Reason is clear.—Oh, my Lord! I am not capable of injurious Deceits, but that I have deceived you, is certain.’
‘My dear Son, *reply’d the good Lord*, I know your Honour, and your Virtue, but I know not of a Deceit.’—‘Yes, my Lord, *answer’d Conyers*, you are my Father;—your *Bounty* rais’d me;—your *Humanity* supported my Infant Weakness;—your *Virtues* form’d my Soul;—the Will of the *Almighty* has conducted my Steps, and now throws at your Feet, the Poor,—the *Helpless*, — the *Abandon’d*—
‘JACK CONNOR.’

LORD MOUNTWORTH was all Amazement.—He forgot Mr. *Conyers* was on his

Knees, but gazing, with Eyes of Astonishment, at last he rais'd him, and look'd again.—When he had fully brought to his Memory the long unthought-of Features of *Jack Connor*, he flew with Transport to his Arms.—‘Gracious Heaven!’ cry’d he, ‘how unsearchable are thy Ways.—Oh, my dear *Jack*, you have amply,—amply rewarded the Kindness I have shewn you.—You are now mine by every Tie.’—‘If your Lordship,’ said *Conyers*, can pardon the only Fallacy I was ever guilty of, you will, a second Time, give me Life and Being.’—‘My dear *Jack*,’ reply’d my Lord, you every Moment give me new Pleasure;—I think you are now my Son more than ever:—But, my Child, tell my impatient Ear how this Wonder has happen’d;—tell me how it is possible, when Mr. *Johnston* was so certain of your being drown’d, that I now find, now hold you in my Arms!’—‘I shall,’ answer’d Mr. *Conyers*, most faithfully inform your Lordship of every Part of my Life, but permit me to ask, What is become of Mr. *Johnston’s* Niece?’—‘To the best of my Memory,’ said my Lord, she married Mr. *Lilly* the Usher, about the Time you left the School. Your old Master died Six Years ago, and Mr. *Lilly* continues, the

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‘the former Plan of Tuition, with great
‘Credit.’

‘Now I am satisfy’d, *said Conyers*, and
‘now give me Leave to recount every Cir-
‘cumstance of my Story, and your Lord-
‘ship will observe the visible Hand of *Pro-*
‘*vidence* conducting and leading me to the
‘Fruition of the most *perfect Happiness* this
‘World can afford.—It has conducted me
‘to the Arms of the dearest and *best of*
‘*Wives*, and to the Sight of the noblest and
‘*best of Men*.—Heaven, I beseech thee,
‘make me most truly thankful.’

He then began the Narrative of his Life,
which, if the Reader has forgot, he has my
Permission to read again, for I have not
Time to Recapitulate.

EVERY Incident and Change of his Life,
gave his Lordship fresh Matter for Won-
der; but what struck him the most, was his
being the Son of *Sir Roger Thornton*, who
had married his Sister.—‘I shall ever, *said*
‘*he*, admire your Prudence, in keeping
‘your Affairs so *secret*, and I shall always
‘Honour your laudable *Ambition* and *Gra-*
‘*titude*.—When our *dear Harriot* has
‘blest’d you with a Child, both she and

‘ my dear *Wife* shall partake of the Joy
 ‘ your Story has given me. As for *Sir*
 ‘ *Roger*, he must know nothing of it, for
 ‘ he has a *certain Pride* in his Nature, that
 ‘ would soon divulge it to the World, and,
 ‘ perhaps, not in its genuine Colours. For
 ‘ my own Part, my *dearest Jack*, I am so
 ‘ far from being ashamed of your Alliance,
 ‘ that I glory in it; yet, my Son, I would
 ‘ not chuse to be the constant Theme of the
 ‘ *Ignorant*.—Did Mankind love *Truth* and
 ‘ *Honour*, more than *Falshood* and *Detrac-*
 ‘ *tion*, the Occurrences of your Life would
 ‘ *strengthen* their Resolves, and convince
 ‘ *ALL*,—That to be REALLY HAPPY, they
 ‘ must be TRULY VIRTUOUS.’

Gentle Reader,

RIGHT sorry is the Compiler of this
 Work, that his Materials can carry
 him no further, and he is not permitted to
 search into *Futurity*. Should our good
 JACK CONNOR, or CAPTAIN CONYERS,
 live Thirty or Forty Years longer, perhaps
 he will furnish Matter for a much *abler His-*
torian. The Work thou hast now read,
 has been little alter’d from the *Original Pa-*
pers, but some *Observations*, or rather *slight*
Hints, have been added, and are the Result
 of not a little Experience of *Sixty Years*.—

If

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If thou findest *Errors*, reprove with Freedom, but judge of the *Intention*.—If thou applaudest any one Part of the *Moral*, thou wilt make the *Compiler* happy, as he will imagine thou wilt follow the *Precept*.—To the *well-minded*, to the *honest Man*, he says from *Shakespear's CORIOLANUS*,

I have done, as you have done; That's, what

I can;

Induc'd, as you have been; That's, for my

Country;

He, that has but effected his Good-will,

Hath overta'en mine Act.

FAREWELL.

F I N I S.

